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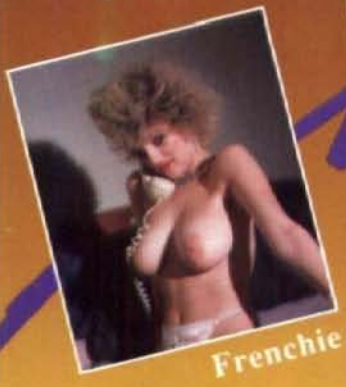

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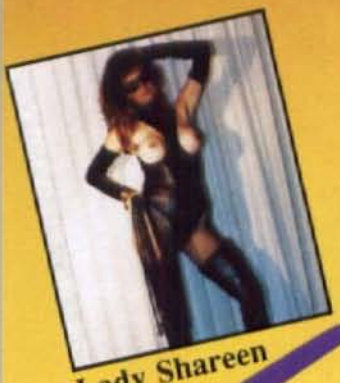

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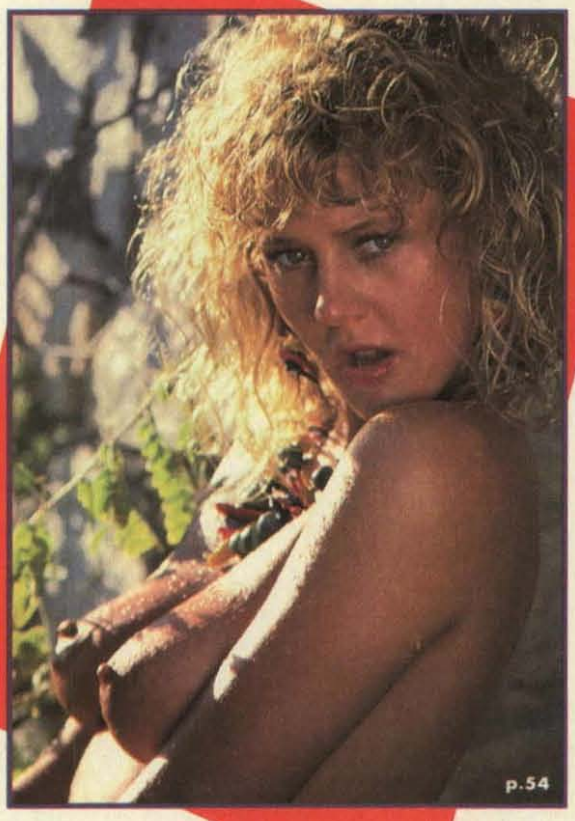
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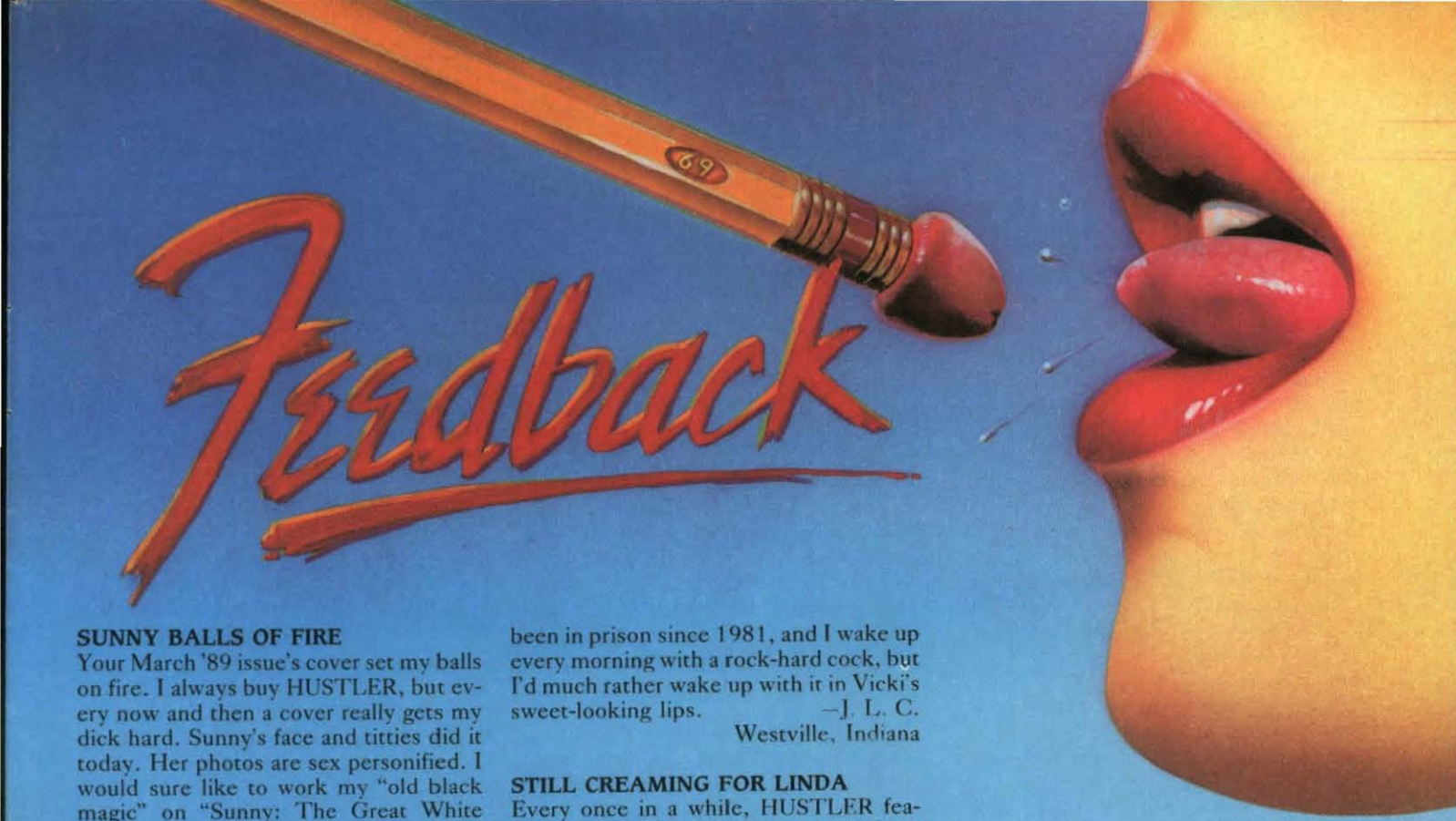
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HUSTLER MAY 1989 VOLUME 15 NUMBER 11

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Cover photo by Clive McClean



SUNNY BALLS OF FIRE
Your March '89 issue's cover set my balls on fire. I always buy HUSTLER, but every now and then a cover really gets my dick hard. Sunny's face and titties did it today. Her photos are sex personified. I would sure like to work my "old black magic" on "Sunny: The Great White Hope." As for the rest of the magazine, I don't like all of your cartoons, so I ignore the ones I don't enjoy. I find the other cartoons very, very funny, as they deal in stereotypes and perceptions of fearful people. I *have* noticed that *none* of us has written in to complain about how racist and untrue the "big, black dick" cartoons are. Pages 13 and 37 in the March issue have black men portrayed as having monster dicks; I bet none of my brothers will write in to complain that this is a racist lie and in poor taste. We choose to *select* which stereotypes we want believed. Anyway, Sunny certainly made my dick grow big, and Flo ("Larry and Flo: Honeymoon Hootch Highway") was a bonus treat. Now for a black centerfold!
—A. A.
Brooklyn, New York

TOEHOLD IN MARCH
As to the March '89 issue, Reza's toes are beautiful. The shots on pages 48 and 49—m-m-m—good! Baby toes. She has flawless feet. Clive McLean hits the mark with his photography. And Sunny is the girl we all want. That centerfold shot has me cross-eyed. Plus, March is primo-pussy month for *Beaver Hunt*; they're all dick torturers. I think March's Beavers are gonna get me through the winter.
—R. M.
New York City, New York

HARD AS STEEL BARS
The only chewing I would have been doing would have been on 43-year-old Vicki of Virginia (March '89 *Beaver Hunt*). I've been in prison since 1981, and I wake up every morning with a rock-hard cock, but I'd much rather wake up with it in Vicki's sweet-looking lips. —J. L. C.
Westville, Indiana

STILL CREAMING FOR LINDA
Every once in a while, HUSTLER features a girl with such outstanding physical attributes, she looks like she could shatter concrete with them. I'm referring to Linda, your February centerfold. My God, what a perfectly proportioned face—pouty, sensuous lips; gorgeous eyes; and absolutely killer cheekbones that are simply not to be believed! But in addition to a face that shames most high-fashion models, Linda has a body that would definitely give a dead man a hard-on. 42-23-36! Talk about taking the slim-but-stacked build to its absolute limits! Linda definitely came up an ultimate winner in the genetic dice game. C'mon, guys, let's have an encore. —K. S. M.
Dallas, Texas


Sunny: The Great White Hope

Thank you for the best magazine and the most beautiful ladies in the world. February '89's Sarah, "Taking Lunch at the No-Tell Motel," and "Linda: Strawberries and Cream"—both terrific! —K. S. W.
Louisville, Ohio

'TOONED IN TO TALENT
Your magazine has an abundance of raw talent—no pun intended. I am especially pleased with the February HUSTLER and "Linda: Strawberries and Cream." She has great lips, and you photographed her well. Also, who is the artist who penned the cartoon on page 7? I can't seem to read the name. I'd also like to know if this artist has any published books that I can purchase. —M. S.
Los Angeles, California

You've spotted the work of longtime Humor and Cartoon Editor Dwaine Tinsley, whose most recent work, The Best of Tinsley II, *is available for $6 from* HUSTLER, *P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067.*

TRUTH IN THE AIR
I caught the *AIDSWatch* article in the February '89 HUSTLER, and man, did Michael DiGregorio do his research on that one ("The Agent Orange Connection"). All that pertinent detail. The damaging effects—and all we got was the

accidental blow-back—the Viets got full blast on their faces and land, on an area the size of Massachusetts. What a vicious, mindless war. —R. J.
Aiea, Hawaii

ANOTHER SAVVY READER
I would like to comment on your February '89 *Bits & Pieces* item titled, "The Nose Bowl." Although the players featured are all great substance abusers, you left out Bruce Smith, the all-pro defensive end of the Buffalo Bills. I'm sure he would love to get his sniffer in on the action. You also picked an excellent *Asshole of the Month* (Imelda Marcos), your first husband-and-wife team. Having attended Lifestyles '84 through '86, your article on Lifestyles '88 was also very interesting. And the "Farewell to Reagan" feature was a real ballbuster! —G. T.
Buffalo, New York

AW!
Let me begin by saying that I really like HUSTLER and always will, as long as some political asshole doesn't fuck it up. But the "Dead Meat" *Bits & Pieces* item in the January '89 issue didn't even come close to making me laugh. Yeah, I know it's not to be taken seriously, okay. So how about a cartoon or parody of the responsible editor, whoever they are, fucking their grandmother in a casket? I will continue to purchase HUSTLER, but please, let's laugh next month *and* get hard. —F. H.
Jacksonville, Florida

HUSTLER's February 1989 Eyewitness Account, "Prison Guard Tells All" by William Yount, concluded with a plea that funds to assist Yount be sent in care of his Freedom Foundation. Yount's Freedom Foundation is not to be confused with the Freedom Foundation of San Quentin, a chartered, nonprofit corporation that for the past ten years has been dedicated to providing legal services to innocent prisoners in San Quentin Prison. San Quentin's Freedom Foundation can be contacted at Box 395, San Quentin, CA 94964. The Foundation also has a phone number, but requested it not be printed, lest they receive "calls from prisoners all over the country."

HORNY TO THE CORPS
Congratulations for the continuing excellence with which HUSTLER portrays America's most gorgeous women. I am proud to be serving in the United States Marine Corps, if for nothing else than to protect our right to a free press. My fellow Marines and I would especially like to thank you for the pictorial of "Tanya: The Tight Stuff" in the January '89 issue. She has to be the most erotic and sensuous woman in the entire world. —L. M. L.
"Screw Crew," USMC, Tustin, California

SEOUL MAN
I really enjoyed Jun Kanda's article on Korean sex in the October '88 issue of HUSTLER. It made me feel as if I was with him. With every step he made, I experienced the sexual adventures of Seoul, and everything in between . . . right down to the *kim-che.* —A. W.
Chicago, Illinois

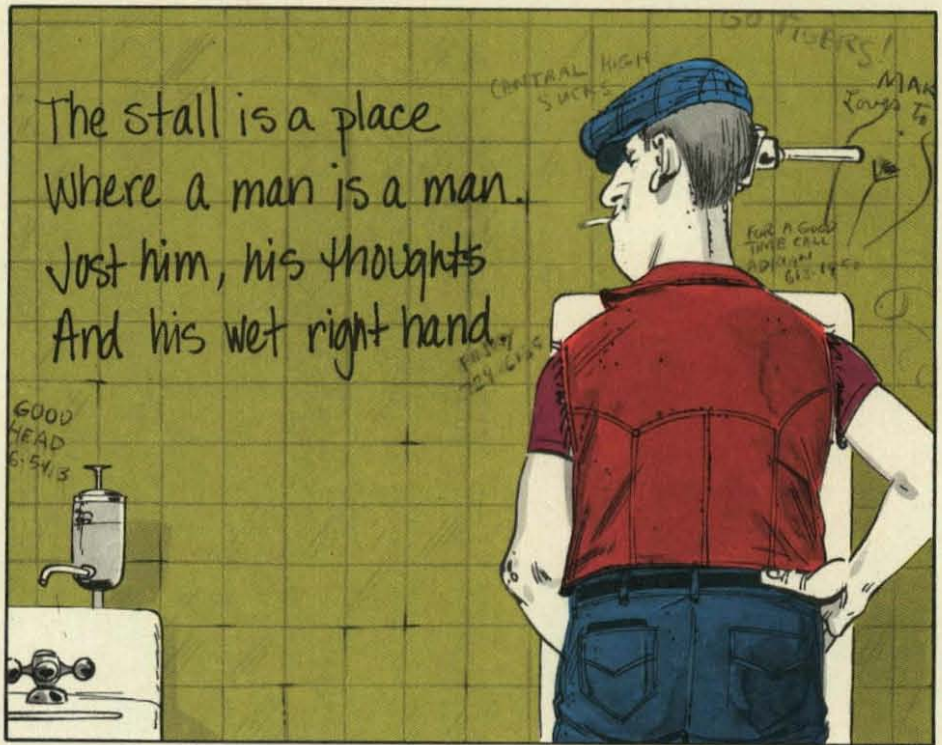
SLITS WET FOR GIRL SETS
Please keep up the good work with the beautiful pictures of gorgeous women. I have two female friends who love looking at your magazine, but would never buy it because one lives at home and the other is married. So they take mine when I show it to them. Both horny bitches love looking at close-up shots of spread pussies and tight assholes, plus big tits. Both are closet lesbians who would love to suck a hot cunt once in a while, but would never tell a husband or boyfriend. I was a witness to a lesbian scene involving one of them, and she could not suck enough tit from this big-titted girl. She also forced the big-titted girl's nipple inside her cunt. The other one beats her meat over pictures of *big* tits and tight assholes. She comes so much that you can actually see it oozing out. Both good-looking girls have great bodies but little tits. They want to get big tits but fear it may be dangerous. Could you run an article on implants? —P. J. P.
Norristown, Pennsylvania

Our sister publication HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES *holds up the big-tit end of our publishing empire, and a DDD-sized coverage of mammary magnification will appear in an upcoming issue. Look for* BUSTY *at newsstands, or subscribe by seeing the ad on page 113.*

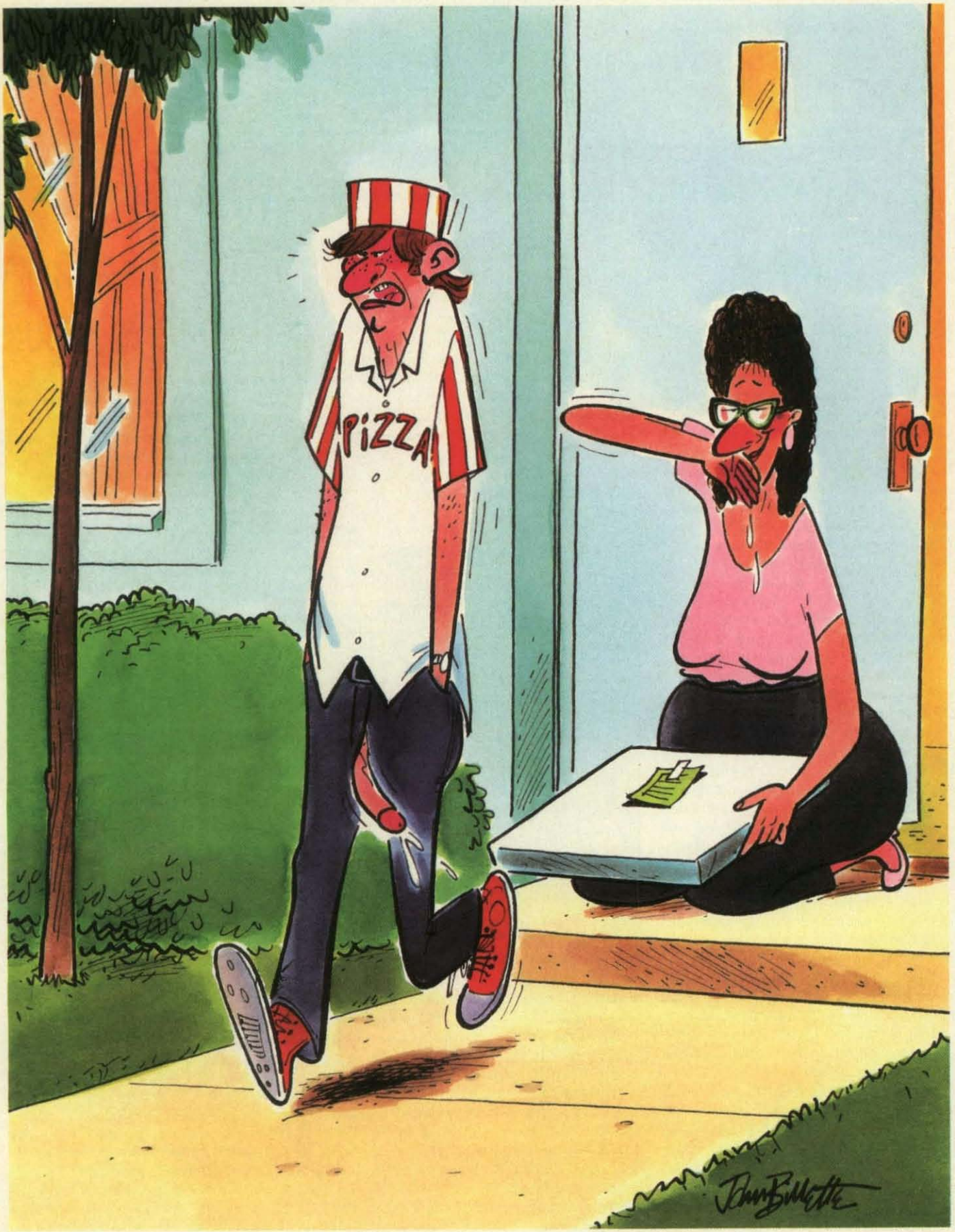
I continue to wet myself every time I see that HUSTLER thing, and I can't resist doing cut-ups with it and CHIC. But I still can't understand how group sex still has to be so funny for you guys. I still have a really stiff clit every time I go through your magazine. (Women don't read your magazines anymore, right?) —C. S.
New York City, New York

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, *9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.*

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"Blowjobs! Blowjobs! Blowjobs! Doesn't anyone tip money anymore?!"



ROUGHING IT WITH RALPH

Ralph is 32 years old, weighs 260 pounds and is mentally retarded. He lives with his mother in a small North Carolina farm town. It is there that Ralph has wandered up and down the main street every day for as long as anyone in town can remember. He knows everyone there by name and will talk at length, and without hesitation, to anyone he happens to run into. He is not especially liked or disliked, but merely tolerated. For example, Mrs. Harris doesn't look forward to Ralph helping her load her groceries into the car every Friday, but she knows that he is only trying to help, so she humors him. He is usually paid 50¢ for his masculine efforts, which he promptly spends on a fountain Coke at the drugstore.

Yes, Ralph thought he had a wonderful life and that things would always be the same. And rightly so, for who would expect anything to change after 32 years?

But his little world did change when a stranger entered it. It happened one afternoon early in the summer. Ralph had just stepped out of the post office when he happened to notice something unusual. There in front of the bank was a car he had never seen before. Ordinarily, that wouldn't be a rare occurrence, but this car was just like that fancy, up-North-type car he had seen in a magazine at the beauty parlor last week. Yeah, that was the one all right, a white convertible with a red interior, a red stripe down the side, and those shiny, spoked hubcaps.

For a few minutes Ralph just stood there looking at the car, wondering who it belonged to. Then he decided to take a closer look. The closer he got to it the more convinced he was that the car had been left there for him. After all, hadn't he wished extra hard for a car like this while he waited for his mother to have her hair done? Once he decided that the beautiful car was meant for him, it took Ralph no time at all to reach it. First he walked all the way around it. Then, very carefully, he touched the door on the driver's side. Yep, it was real. Next he opened the door and slid behind the steering wheel. The seat was too close for him, so he figured out how to adjust it. He also tinkered with the rearview mirror, the way he had always seen the sheriff do. But just as he was about to reach down to turn the key, someone spoke to him.

At first Ralph didn't move. As a matter of fact, it wasn't until the door opened that he even looked in the direction of the voice. The first thing he saw was a bright red blouse that seemed to be missing several buttons. And when the woman that belonged to the voice, and the car, bent over to ask if he was all right, Ralph noticed that he could see those two soft-looking things that his mother had always hidden from him. Just the sight of them gave him a strange feeling, a feeling he wasn't sure he had experienced before.



"Are you all right?" Ralph heard the lady ask again. This time he managed to tear his eyes away from her large bosom and look at her face. In reply to her question, he only nodded. For the first time in his life, he couldn't think of anything to say. But the lady didn't seem to mind. As a matter of fact, she didn't even seem to be mad that he was sitting in her car.

"Listen," she said, in a low, sweet voice, "my name is Wendy. What's yours?"

Ralph blinked and then in his slow, thick manner said, "My name is Ralph. I'm sorry I got in your car. Are you going to send me to jail?"

A strange smile came over Wendy's face as she pondered his question. "No," she said, "I don't think I will this time—that is, if you are sure you weren't planning to steal my car."

"Oh, no!" Ralph exclaimed, "I just thought it was so pretty. I only wanted to look at it."

"Would you like to ride in my car?" Wendy asked.

Ralph felt his heart leap. "Could I? I would be very good, I promise." He slid over, and Wendy got into the car. Ralph watched as she kicked her high-heeled shoes off and couldn't help but follow the shape of her long legs until they disappeared into her short black skirt. Once again he got that funny feeling as Wendy pulled the car out onto the main street.

Wendy told Ralph that she had come to look at some farmland that an uncle had left to her. She asked if Ralph would like to ride that far into the country, and he eagerly said he would. Once they had reached the dirt road that took them down through the acres of green land that were now hers, Wendy asked if Ralph would like to drive her car. For a second he got excited, then with disappointment said, "But I don't know how to drive."

Wendy reached over and took one of Ralph's large hands in hers. "Why, just look at these strong hands," she said. "I believe I could teach you, and I'm sure you have the strength to handle this car." While she held his hand and waited to hear his reply, she was wondering to herself just how many of those big fingers she could take inside of her. Just the thought of having him poke her with

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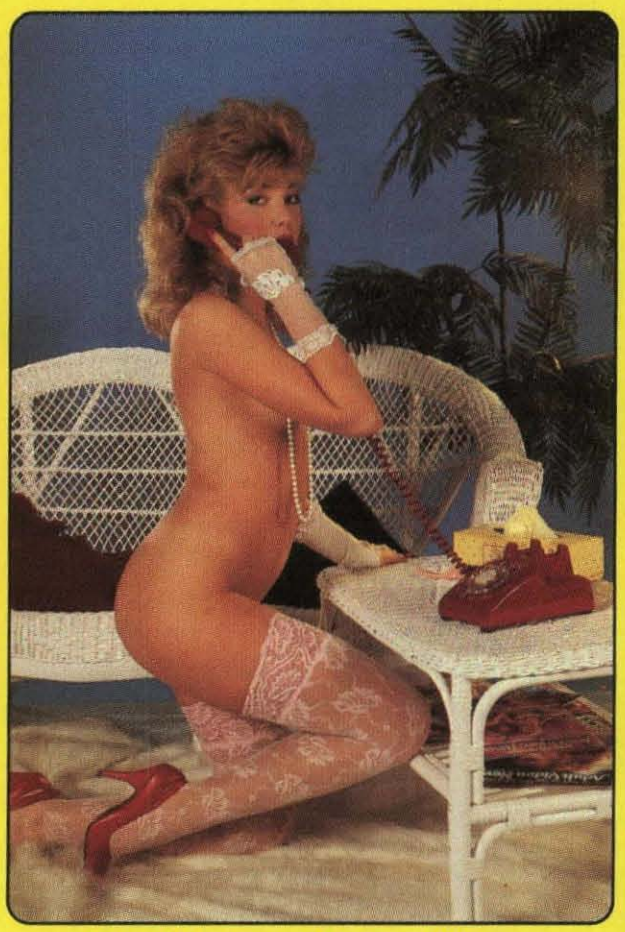
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Slowly, she took it into her mouth until Ralph could feel the breath from her nostrils on his balls.

those fat digits made her cream.

It only took Ralph a second to unbuckle his seat belt and get out of the car. Wendy slid over to the middle of the seat, and he got behind the wheel once again. The car was already running, so Wendy simply told him what to do in order to get the car to go forward. Ralph noticed that she was sitting very close to him, and it was hard for him to keep his mind on driving the car. He could feel her body pressing against his and could once again see down her blouse. With every rut in the path he could see her jiggle. Her left leg was laid across his so she could get to the brakes if he needed assistance, she said. All of this was beginning to have its effect on Ralph, and when Wendy extended her leg to apply the brakes, she took notice of the situation.

"Why, Ralph, what is that hard thing there in your lap?" Wendy asked innocently. Ralph didn't know what to say as Wendy began to unzip his pants, saying, "Well, let me have a look." He only knew that he thought he would explode with that funny feeling as she wrapped her hand around his hard cock and began to pump up and down. "Oh, my, Ralph, do you know what this is?" she asked. "This is a daddy thing. Do you know what to do with a daddy thing?"

Ralph could only shake his head no. "Would you like to learn?" she whispered into his ear. He closed his eyes and nodded yes. "Okay, I'll teach you, but you have to do everything I tell you. Remember, you promised to be good if I took you for a ride." He remembered and agreed to obey when Wendy told him to get out of the car and put his clothes across the backseat. While he did that, she went to the trunk of the car and found a large beach towel and some tanning oil. After quickly removing her clothes, she spread the towel on the ground and told Ralph to lie down. Next she poured a line of oil down his big chest and stomach, all the way down to his thick dick. Carefully, she smoothed the oil over his chest and then straddled her naked bottom across it, facing his manhood.

She told Ralph not to close his eyes, but to look at her ass as she sucked him off. At first she only licked at his cock, squeezing its thickness and fondling his balls. Then, slowly, she took it into her mouth, deeper, then still deeper, until she had swallowed it completely and Ralph could feel the breath from her nostrils on his balls. It wasn't long before he could stand no more and Ralph began to pump his dick into her throat. Wendy swallowed wad after wad of his cum until his cock began to deflate. She then sat up and told him that was only one of the lessons she had for him.

"Ralph," she said, "have you been looking at my asshole like I told you to do?"

"Yes," Ralph replied in a hoarse whisper.

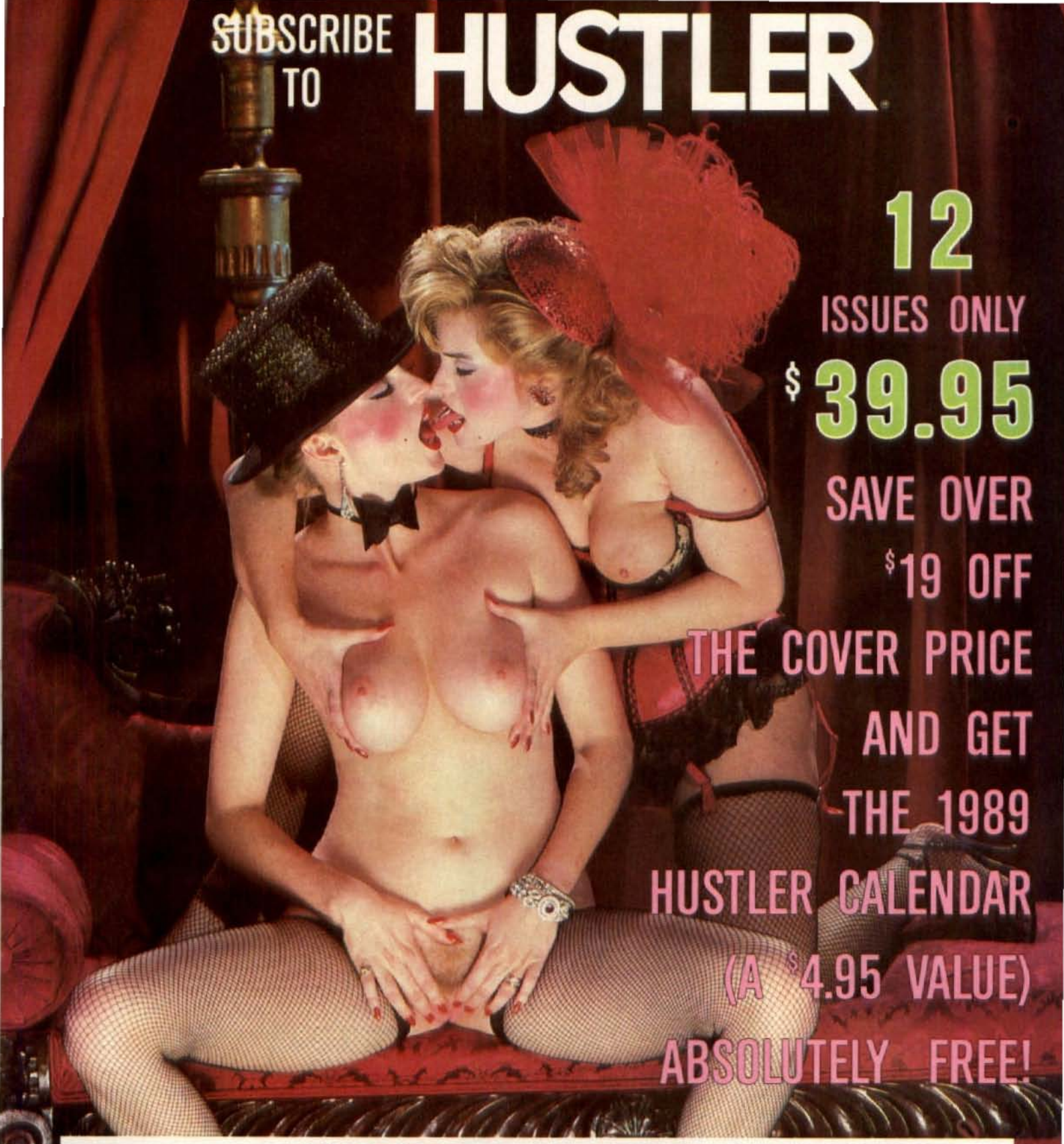
"Good, now what I want you to do is take this bottle of oil and rub my butt until it is covered in oil." He did as he was told and poured the hot oil onto Wendy's ass. A moment later she leaned back over and began to suck his balls. Once she had enough oil on her, she told Ralph to put one of his fingers into her asshole and one from the other hand into the hole under it. When he did, he could tell that Wendy liked what he was doing. She started to rock back and forth on top of him in order to make his fingers slide in and out of her. He decided to try another finger in each hole. Yes, she did like that. She began to moan, and that additional groaning from Wendy made Ralph's cock grow again. Suddenly Wendy sat up, slid her hot little ass onto his face and told him to stick his tongue into the hole. When he did as instructed, Wendy screamed, but somehow he knew it was because she loved what he was doing.

After a few minutes he could feel Wendy's cum trickle down the sides of his thick neck; it felt warm and had a smell that drove him wild. He liked what he was doing to this person he had just met and was disappointed when she lifted her warm ass cheeks away from his face. When Wendy saw the confused look on his face, she laughed, "Don't worry, honey, we're not finished with your lesson yet." She told him to sit up, and when she kneeled down like an animal in front of him with her wet pussy toward him, he knew what his job was. He could remember seeing horses at old man Crowder's farm doing this.

He moved up close to her rear, took his massive cock in one hand and hooked his arm around her waist, then, aiming very carefully, thrust his entire dick into her waiting cunt. *God,* he thought to himself, *I've never felt anything so good in my life.* He began to move in and out, and with every plunge, Wendy gasped with pleasure. He watched his

(continued on page 102)





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Common sense would assume that with the demise of the free-love '60s, the dismantling of the sexual-revolution '70s and the passing of the yuppie-Reagan '80s, the number of American adulterers has declined in the past 40 years, or at least remained constant. With the onslaught of herpes and AIDS in this decade, it's only logical to think that married people would be inclined to cool it. The reality is that 50% more married Americans fool around now than in 1948, the year of *The Kinsey Report*. Literally millions more married folks are having sex on the side, and many of them are women.

In the early '50s it was estimated that 40 to 60% of American husbands had experienced at least one sexual encounter with a woman who was not his wife. The number of wives fooling around was thought to be between six and 20%. Today it's thought that up to 56% of wives are having sex on the side, while the percentage of cheating husbands has remained about the same.

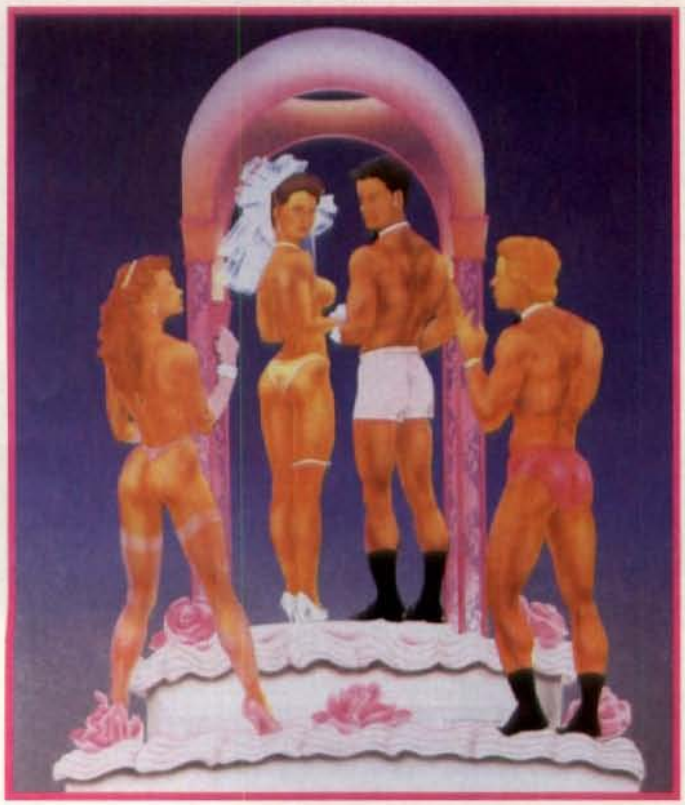


Illustration by Ernesto Cumpian

by Rick Woods

Adultery is as old as marriage itself, but until now it's been generally tolerated for men only. The ancient Babylonians executed female adulterers by drowning. The Greeks and Romans also executed female finaglers. Colonial America whipped and branded unfaithful wenches, a la Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. Even today adultery still constitutes grounds for divorce, often with costly settlements, in every state. But divorce, disease and death have all failed to keep people from cheating.

Perhaps one reason husbands and wives run the legal, physical, emotional and financial risks of adultery is that variety may be the most powerful aphrodisiac known to man. An unnamed lawyer, interviewed by noted sociologist Lewis Yablonsky in his book on adultery in America, *The Extra-Sex Factor*, puts it this way: "For me an affair satisfies my constant desire for excitement, someone new, a new body, different responses, a new adventure. Being naked with a woman for the first time is an incredible pleasure. Acting it out is easier than denying my emotions."

Many men report enhanced sexual performance when they have extramarital sex, sex that is far superior to that with their spouse.

Doctor Herb Goldberg, in his book *The Hazards of Being Male*, describes a phenomenon that often occurs with men involved in extramarital affairs, called *fusion sex*. "In fusion sex there is the phenomenon of a seemingly endless potency, lasting sometimes for an entire weekend or several days of continual lovemaking. Men who have reported fusion sex to me describe the phenomenon of ejaculating, then almost immediately becoming erect again. They may have as many as 12 to 15 orgasms during a weekend's experience of fusion sex."

Fusion sex can occur with one sexual partner or, in the case of '30s Hollywood bad guy George Raft, it can happen with multiple partners. Mark

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Grey, Raft's personal secretary for many years, relates the story of the time Raft drilled eight chorus girls, one by one, in one night. Raft described it to him this way: "I was half asleep at first, and it was like a strange dream. They came in one after another, all beautiful and very passionate. They would walk in—very eager. I would kiss them, and one thing always led to another. Somehow as the evening went on I became more and more passionate. I enjoyed every single minute of that night. The next day my legs turned to rubber, and I could hardly get out of bed."



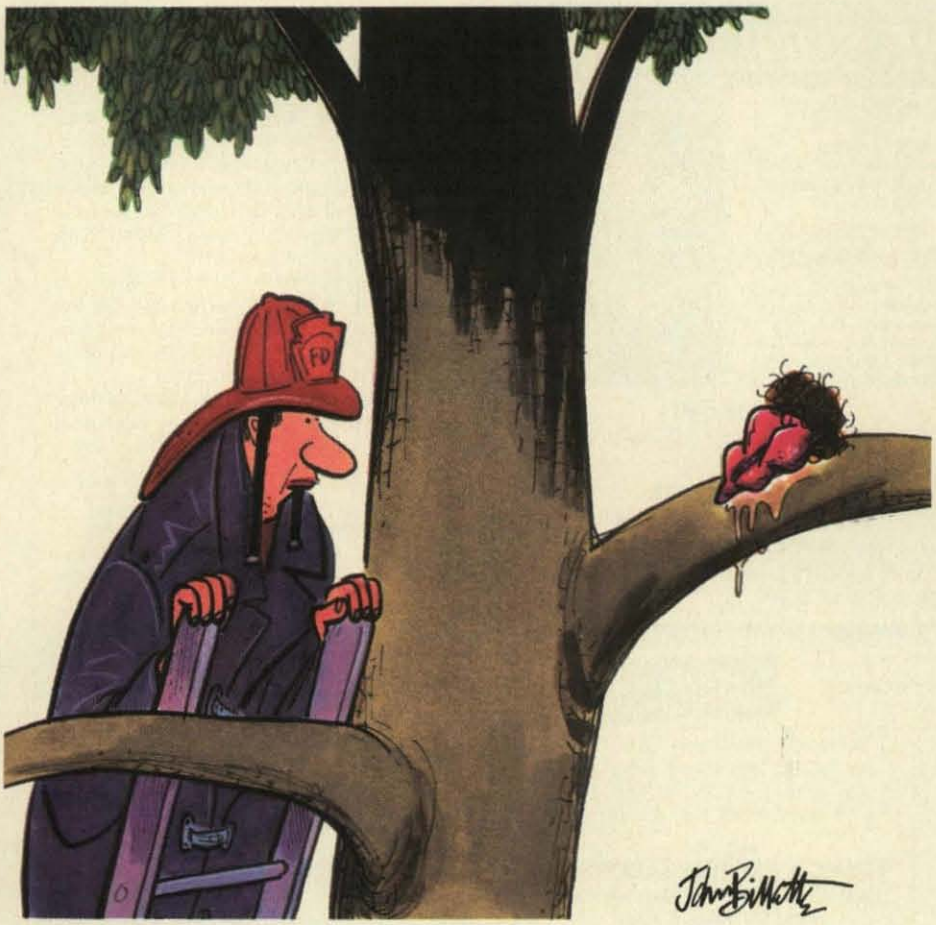
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Once in a while the wives of adulterous husbands also benefit sexually from their spouses' affairs.

"Hal and I had been married about ten years. Our sex life had become, for me, a boring ritual. Then I began to notice that the son of a bitch was trying different positions. He had always given fair head, but suddenly he was sensational. His tongue began to explore new territory, and he really turned me on and, in fact, over. It was so good and different that I began to suspect he was getting his sexual training elsewhere. A part of me said, *What's the difference as long as I dig it?* Another part of me thought, *The bastard is cheating on me, and I'm jealous.* Dull, boring, sweet Hal had all of a sudden become interesting to me again. Finally, I confronted him one night after he had me practically hanging from the chandelier. I said, 'Where in hell did you learn to do that?' And then he told me. We had a big fight, and he swore not to continue his escapades. Now things have settled back to our old routine, and I almost wish he would get out again—the period when he was cheating was one of the most exciting in our marriage." This woman's unusual reaction to a familiar situation was taken from *The Extra-Sex Factor*, showing clearly the radical changes that have occurred in women's perceptions, attitudes and behavior concerning getting some on the side.

Often the danger of being discovered in an extramarital tryst contributes to the thrill and heightens the intensity of sexual pleasure. Even the chance of getting AIDS and dying may turn on some sicko seekers of extramarital sex, especially if they have a subconscious death wish. Many times adulterers will pick the least opportune time and place to cheat, increasing their chances of getting caught. The more dangerous the situation, the stronger the orgasm.

"I am aghast in ecstasy. There is silence except for the slurping noise of her lips on my cock. The fear of waking her two small daughters—asleep in the same bed—who would find their mother's head pressed to my groin, or my wife's sleepy wandering toward the bathroom outside the cabin and being treated to the sight of my pumping hips, or the sound of her friend's contented murmurs, does not stop me. We go at it until I feel myself explode in a silent orgasm. We kiss; I pull my pants up from around my feet; we part. The children's loud breathing hasn't missed a beat. My wife may perhaps have moaned her passage through a dark dream of jealousy, but it was only a dream, and she too sleeps. Once again I have done the dance of secret sex and escaped. When she reached for me in that moonstruck cabin, no consideration on earth would have stopped my pants from dropping." This camper's tale, again reported by Yablonsky, illustrates just how weak rationality is when confronted with deeper human drives.



One of the simplest and most straightforward reasons for infidelity is reported by this happily married man who was interviewed in *The Extra-Sex Factor*: "I really love to have my cock sucked, and I love to fuck a nice, tight asshole. My wife doesn't enjoy either of those sexual acts, and I don't want to force these acts on her. So I go somewhere else for some of my sexual needs." He is considerate of his wife's needs, but at the same time, he's not willing to give up his own needs. He probably has no intention of getting a divorce, or of giving up his sexual freedom. If he's like 80% of adulterous American males, he probably has no intention of telling his wife what he's up to. He wants to, as the old saying goes, "have his cake and eat it too."

For now, since AIDS hysteria seems to be so much media hype, there is no reason to expect a slowdown in American adultery. There's just too many positive factors involved. Nevada brothels and national swingers' clubs had both reported a loss of clientele in 1985-1986, but now things are getting back to normal. AIDS hasn't stopped people from rubbin' uglies, but it has modified sexual activity. Condoms are being utilized more than ever before for genital, anal and oral sex.

People magazine—that popular pulp, pabulum-packed gossipzine—reported some interesting findings from a survey they had conducted by professional data collectors on adultery in America. Over 70% of those questioned stated that fear of AIDS had stopped them from having extramarital sex. When asked if they would ever be likely to commit adultery, over 70% answered that it would be "very unlikely." If 70% won't cheat because of AIDS, and another 70% consider it highly unlikely that they would ever cheat at all, then how do we account for the nearly 60% of *all* married people who do fool around? Well, you know how *People* readers, and adulterers, love to lie. As long as there's marriage, adultery won't go away.

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❑ Patty Plenty	❑ Isabella	❑ Brandi Wine	❑ Amapola	❑ Paula Harlow
❑ Lucy Luv	❑ Constance Money	❑ Aphrodite	❑ Bunny Bleu	❑ Stella Starr
❑ Tawny Downs	❑ Nikki Knight	❑ Gail Force	❑ Kim Acosta	❑ Samantha Coy
❑ Danielle	❑ Brianna Starr	❑ Chelsea Dallas	❑ Sondra Stillman	❑ Keli Richards
❑ Nicole Shannon	❑ Janette Littledove	❑ Nikki Dee	❑ Linshia	❑ Alexis Parkes
❑ Breezy Lane	❑ Nikki Charm	❑ Jennifer Steele	❑ Sheri Sloane	❑ Christy Canyon
❑ Buffy Davis	❑ Aja	❑ Dana Lynn	❑ Melinda Lee	❑ Tish Ambrose
❑ Elle Rio	❑ Tanya Foxx	❑ Maxi Moore	❑ Cassie Nova	❑ Laura Lei
❑ Fawn Roberts	❑ Kristi Leigh	❑ Nina DePonca	❑ Stacey Donovan	❑ Shanna McCollough
❑ Keisha	❑ Lisa Melendez	❑ Ona Zee	❑ Stephanie Rage	❑ Laurie Smith
❑ Mistress Stephanie	❑ Amanda Tyler	❑ Cherri Hill	❑ Barbi Dahl	❑ Ebony Ayes
❑ Rachel Ryan	❑ Kari Foxx	❑ Rayanne	❑ Charlie Waters	❑ Codi Nicole
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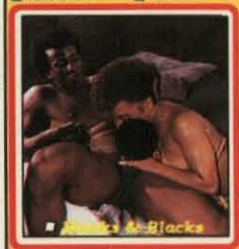
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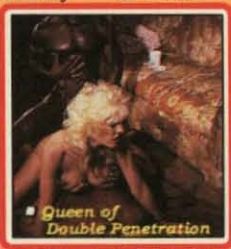
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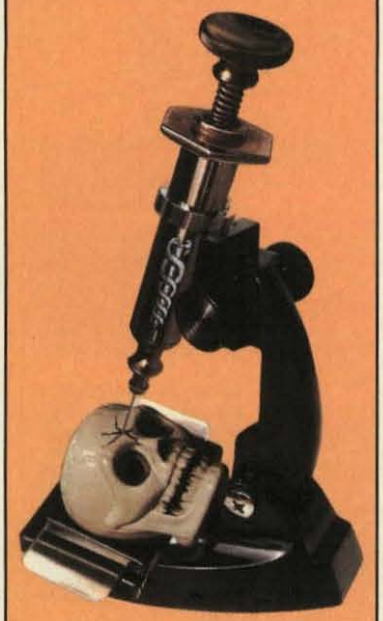
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AIDS WATCH



SURVIVORS

by Jeff Jackson

Remember the story of Chicken Little? An acorn fell out of a tree, striking Chicken Little on the head. She flipped out and ran about screaming, "The sky is falling! The sky is falling!" The flock of chickens sought shelter from the fox, who graciously invited them into his den for protection, where they were never seen nor heard from again.

AIDS could be compared to Chicken Little's doom and gloom. Everywhere you turn the media and medical science are condemning people with the purported "AIDS virus" to death. Bigotry, job discrimination and sexual paranoia are spreading like wildfire.

"It's a terrible shame that the media is telling everyone [afflicted with AIDS] they've got to die," states Louise Hay, a world-renowned self-help healing counselor, "because it's just not true."

People *are* overcoming AIDS through alternative therapies that are based on drastically different views of the universe, and words such as *victim*, *survivor* and *fatal* are never used. An established medical doctor treats a disease with drugs. Then, if no medications work, there is nothing more he can do. Thus the disease is predicted terminal. Successful nonmedical-establishment AIDS therapies, on the other hand, are based on the patient taking responsibility for his life and focusing on positive health instead of the negative disease.

"I loaded the gun [with my lifestyle]. The virus came along and pulled the trigger," states Ralph, who for the past four years has successfully nurtured his AIDS-riddled body into a healthy state of remission.

"I'm completely responsible for getting AIDS," explains Bill Norris, a 45-year-old tax accountant. "And on the other side of the coin, it is my responsibility to get rid of it, which I believe I can do."

With the counseling of Louise Hay, both Ralph and Bill began their recuperation. Starting in 1985 Hay began a weekly AIDS support group in Los Angeles with four AIDS sufferers. The meeting now has grown to over 600 people and is called a "Hayride"—a positive approach to AIDS. Hay's methods are not based on miracle drugs, but are dependent on the miracle of the human mind to overcome disease. Many AIDS carriers have actually put their disease into remission using her techniques.



"AIDS is not necessarily a death sentence," states Hay. "It is the physical manifestation of a lack of love in one's life. We're dealing with people who have a lot of self-hatred. I teach people to love themselves, and as they learn to love and appreciate who they are, wonderful changes occur for them."

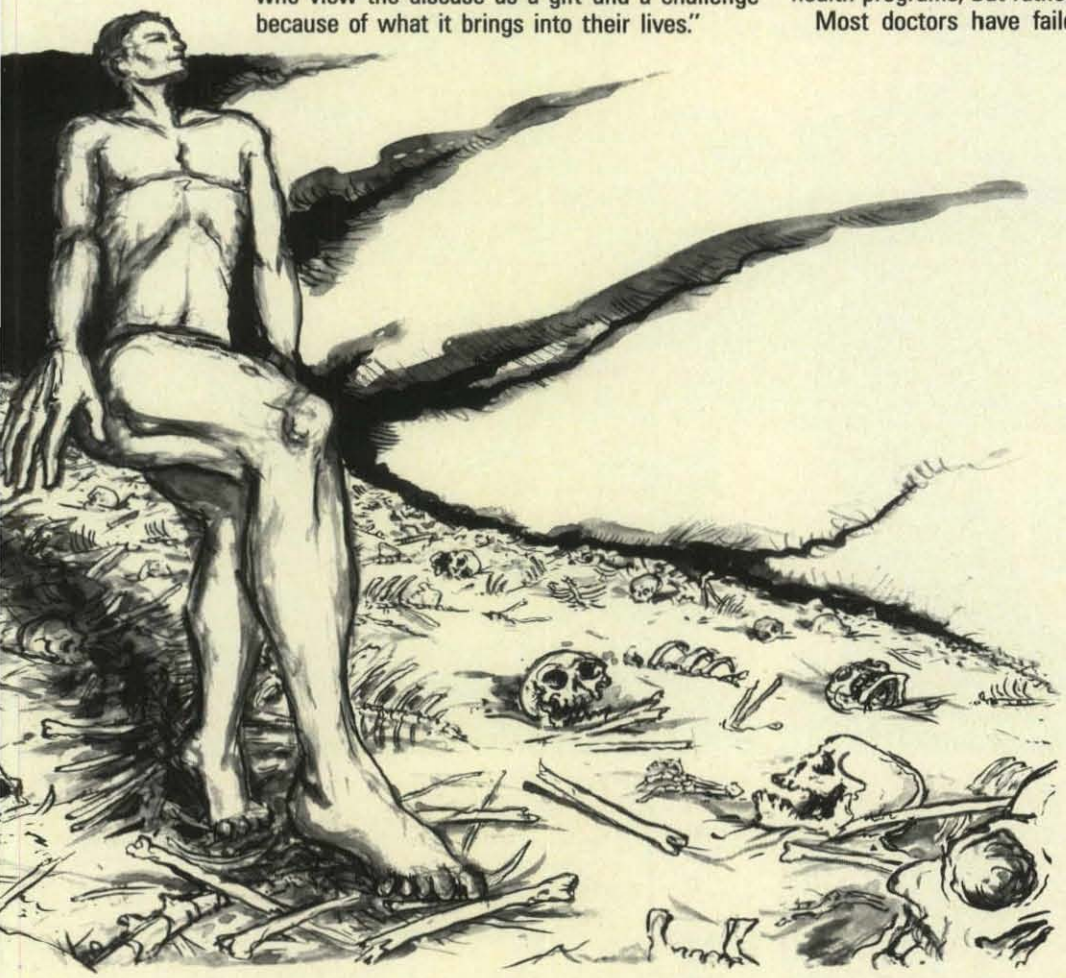
Furthermore, Hay explains how our beliefs and ideas about ourselves are the root cause of illness. When you are not at *ease* with yourself, you create *dis-ease* in your life. Using exercises such as mirror meditation, Hay has the AIDS patient look into their own eyes in order to confront their fears of death and forgive themselves for getting ill. She also teaches people how to change their lives by dreaming about a healthy and happy future.

Sound wacky? Maybe so, but apparently these techniques are working. Every week people at the Hayride give testimonials

regarding reversals of the disease process. Doctor Glen Carlson, a California pathologist, tested positive for AIDS two years ago, though as of October 1987 all his symptoms have disappeared. The virus is gone from Carlson's blood, after following Hay's methods.

Doctor Bernie Siegel, who treats large numbers of AIDS patients utilizing Hay's techniques, has had many who have "not only completely eliminated all AIDS symptoms; they've even reversed their blood tests," meaning that they no longer test positive for the HIV (AIDS) virus.

"When she says love heals, it doesn't mean it cures everything, but it can heal it," Siegel says. "There are people who die of AIDS who view the disease as a gift and a challenge because of what it brings into their lives."



"I always wanted to go around and blame somebody. Then I began to understand that there is a process in learning to love and accept myself," stated Phillip, who recovered from near death in a hospital bed and now lectures medical students on his amazing comeback. "I've said over and over that AIDS has been a blessing for me."

"The point of power is in the present moment," shares Hay. "We all have to make peace with death. When we make peace with that, we have the ability to really live."

One thing Louise Hay is quick to point out is that her methods are not meant to replace standard medical care or other positive health programs, but rather to be used in conjunction with them.

Most doctors have failed to develop positive treatment approaches for AIDS. Perhaps the most effective medical program for AIDS has been developed by Dr. Russell Jaffee of Vienna, Virginia. Jaffee's AIDS treatments seem to have been responsible for the total remission of 18 out of 19 AIDS patients he's worked with.

"Anything that affects your mind influences your body," states Jaffee, who makes his patients' emotions his number-one priority by utilizing beepers as well as cellular phones, which give his patients immediate 24-hour access to a member of his medical team. The patient is expected to express what he is feeling at all times.

One reason Jaffee cannot work with a large number of patients is the fact that his system relies on elaborate allergy testing of each patient's body, wherein he creates a special, customized nutritional diet tailored to each individual. They are monitored and tested constantly to eliminate any food or fluid that might be harmful to the immunity system.

Jaffee's system of nurturing the immunity system is considered a brilliant step forward in medical science, for it looks beyond the AIDS virus toward the complete individual who is ill.

While the majority of the medical community searches for an answer to AIDS with the hopes of developing a miracle synthetic-drug vaccine, there is a small group who adhere to Louise Hay's belief that "AIDS has been an invitation to enlightenment. We can step beyond this being a crisis so that it will become a process of love healing the planet."

Why not try Louise Hay's advice and "go to the mirror and look in your eyes and say, 'I love you. I really love you.' It will work miracles." Not only might it help if you're AIDS-afflicted, but, says Hay, it might help *all* of us live more positive, fulfilling lives.

AIDSlines

Public Health Service
AIDS Hotline
800-342-2437

National Gay Task Force
800-221-7044
212-807-6016 (NY state)

American Social Health Association
800-227-8922

AIDS Action Council
729 Eighth Street, SE, Suite 200
Washington, D.C. 20003
202-547-3101

National Association of People With AIDS
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Washington, D.C. 20035
202-483-7979

Illustration by John Berado

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23.	30/30 CAP	325 MG	8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00
15.	BLACK MOLE CAP	300 MG	8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00
14.	PINK HEART TAB	275 MG	7.00	14.00	23.00	25.00
17.	WHITE MOLE CAP	250 MG	7.00	14.00	23.00	30.00
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5.	THIN OR THICK	25 MG	7.00	14.00	17.00	18.00
19.	EPHED 25 CAP	25 MG	8.00	14.00	17.00	25.00

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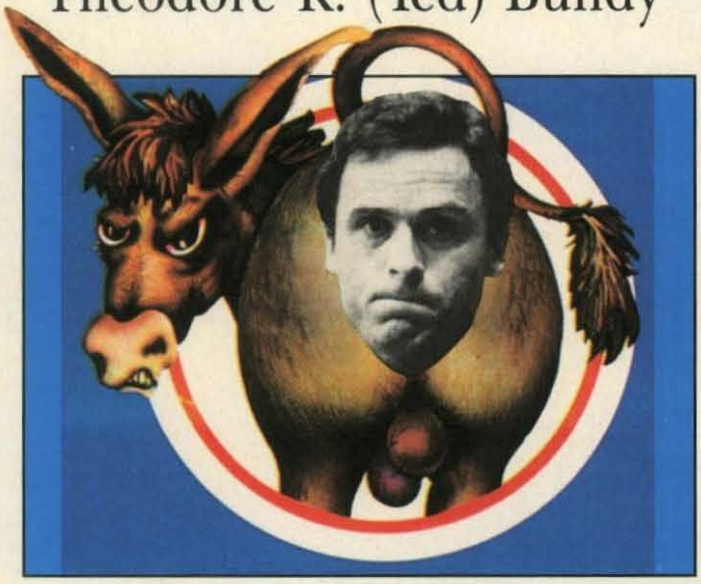
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BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Theodore R. (Ted) Bundy



For his last-minute cop-out by becoming a dupe to sex-fearing religious pitchmen, Theodore R. (Ted) Bundy is Asshole of the Month.

The mass-murderer, liar, rapist and former Young Republican admitted to a Fundamentalist religious broadcaster and antiporn crusader that violent, "hard-core pornography" was "the fuel for his fantasies." His sympathy ploy, which even cops had detected was so much anal exhaust, runs along the lines of 12-year-old Ted fishing violent, hard-core porn and detective magazines out of the garbage. Consider that would have been 1959, when anything that showed more than tits was hard-core in American minds, and relatively little porn existed. Did Ted live at the dump?

Ever since grunting became organized, superstition peddlers have tried to deny natural forces of violence, sex, hunger and so on by prescribing blind-faith hooey, for which even a shit-slimed turd-funnel like Bundy can be a spokesperson if it suits the cause. When the inquisitor cries "He has confessed!" it so calms the cowering hordes that they forget the confessor abominably mutilated his victims in a signal of far more hate than mere pictures could ever instill.

Our readers are not killers. Legitimate studies on *normal* people show no link between sexual film and photo fantasy and real violence or sex crimes. Such information was twisted and ignored by the kangaroo Meese Commission, of which Bundy's radio rector was a member. Typically, the sky pilot even rebutted the demented fiend's mocking pretense of conscience that he, not porn, was to blame. Psychiatric assessment that the murderous goon's bent stemmed from much deeper causes will also be swept aside, as will Bundy's admission that it was alcoholism that eroded his inhibitions.

Little matter that the sham repentance stinks of a setup by religiosos; it will be a rallying cry for all who oppose a free choice in reading and viewing matter.

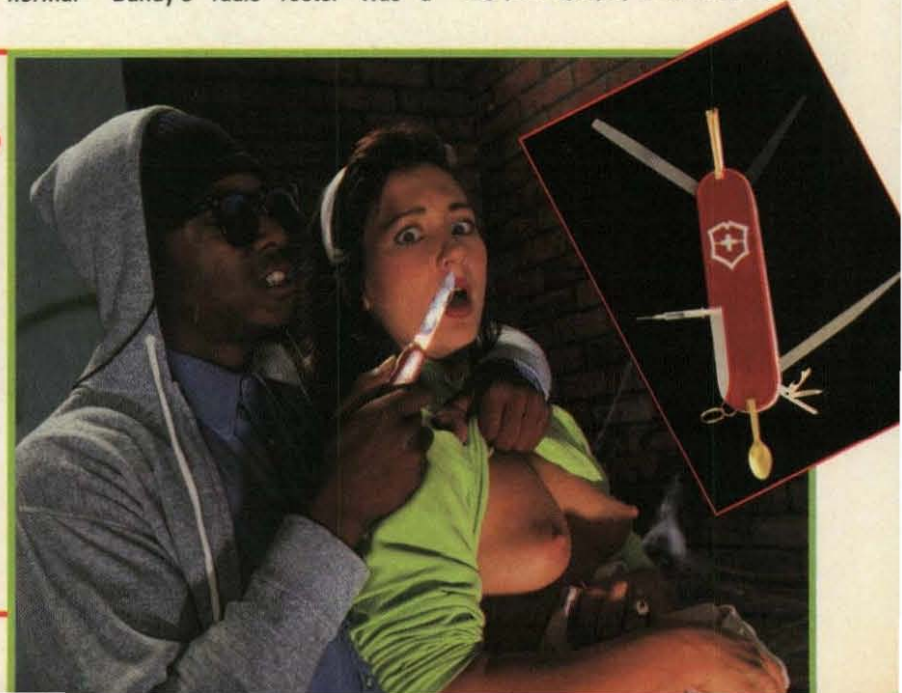
Earlier he had maintained his innocence, but Bundy did "theorize" for writers that the man accused of his crime enjoyed both the hunt, and owning the victim "as one would possess a potted plant." Might hunting or gardening magazines have played a role?

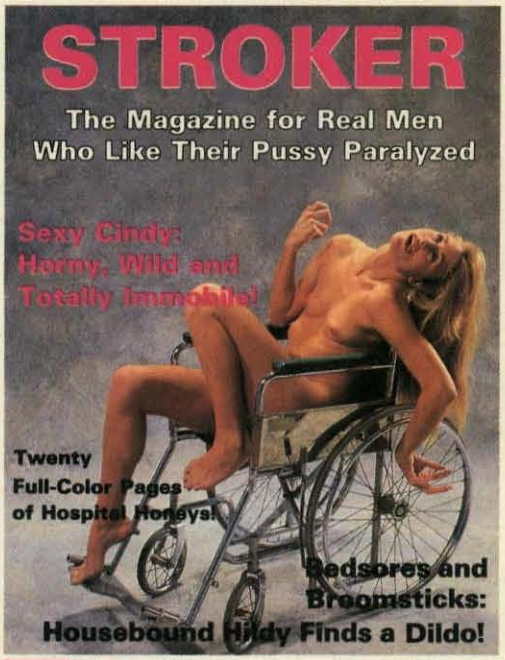
We don't cheer Ted Bundy's death—the state should not be allowed to flush even the lowliest shitheel—but we'd sure piss on the asshole's grave for giving pornography a bad name.

Contributors HUSTLER *pays $150 for each reader-submitted* Bits and Pieces *item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one* B&P *item, the payment is $50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month $150 goes to Jim McRory.* **HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire), based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred. Said commentary is printed for the purpose of educating our readers through social commentary, and not necessarily as a humorous feature designed to enhance our readership.**

BE PREPARED

The Swiss Army Mugger's Knife is an indispensable tool for the serious street criminal. Complete with switchblade, hypo, quick-escape hacksaw, coke spoon and, of course, a toothpick, this handy device makes every assault a breeze, and is useful during moments of leisure as well. The Swiss Army may not scare anyone, but with this baby *you* sure as hell will.



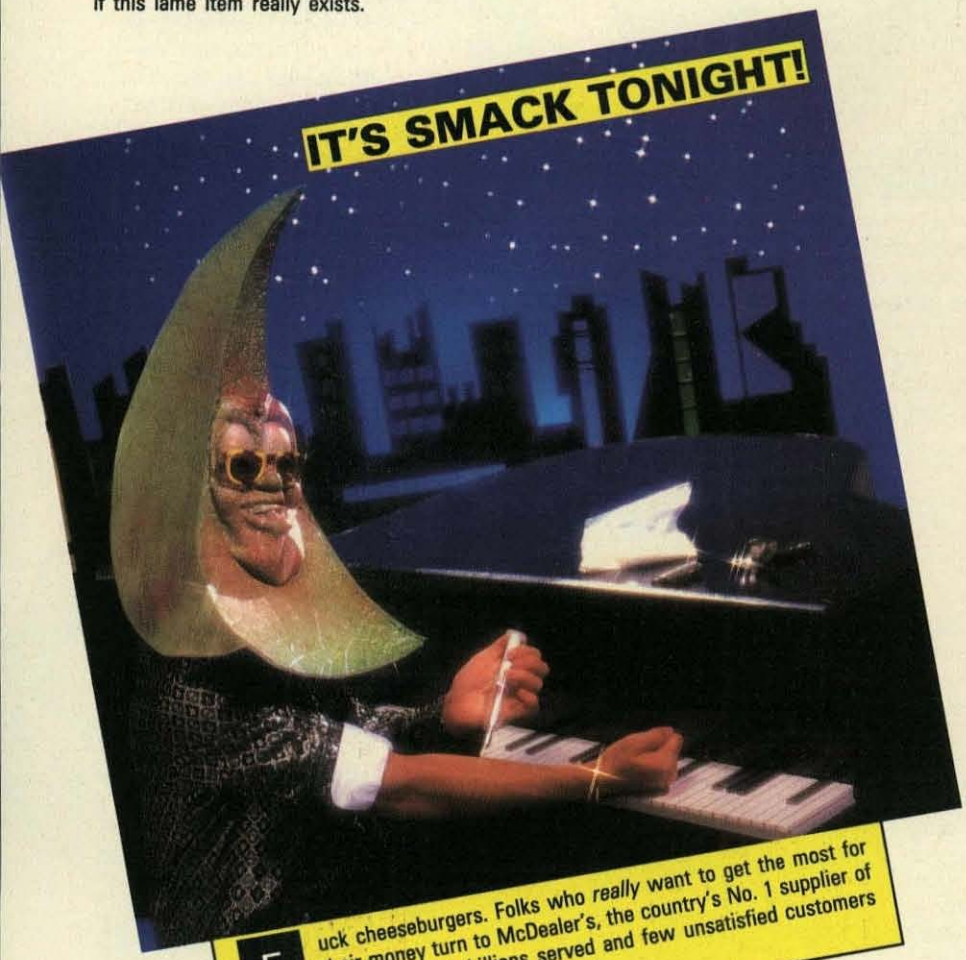


Foxy Francine may have lost control of the muscles in the right side of her face—but not the ones in her red-hot snatch! She can't close her legs, so she's always ready, and the way this babe drools, she's *always* wet. . . ." Well, they've catered to just about every other fetish by now; this one was just a matter of time. If handling the handicapped is your thing, *Stroker*'s your mag, but please, *don't* contact us trying to find out if this lame item really exists.

Porn From the Past



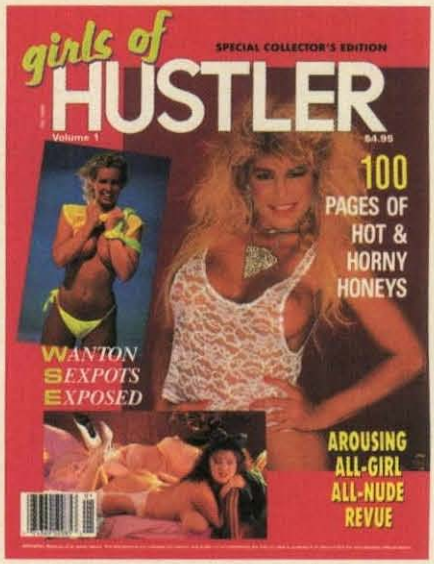
Don't let it gather dust, not when you could be gathering the green stuff instead. Send those musty old photos to *Porn From the Past*, HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If we choose to print your picture, you'll receive a quick $150. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want your material returned.



Fuck cheeseburgers. Folks who *really* want to get the most for their money turn to McDealer's, the country's No. 1 supplier of junk food, with billions served and few unsatisfied customers alive. Hey—you deserve a break today!

SPECIAL LADIES

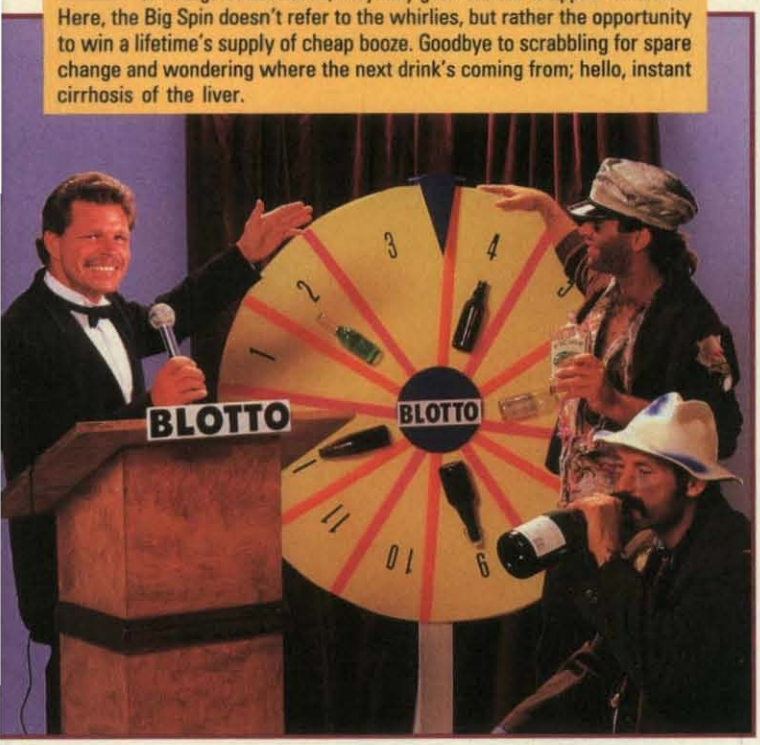
It takes a special lady to pose for HUSTLER, and in GIRLS OF HUSTLER Volume 1 you'll find more than a dozen of them. Now on

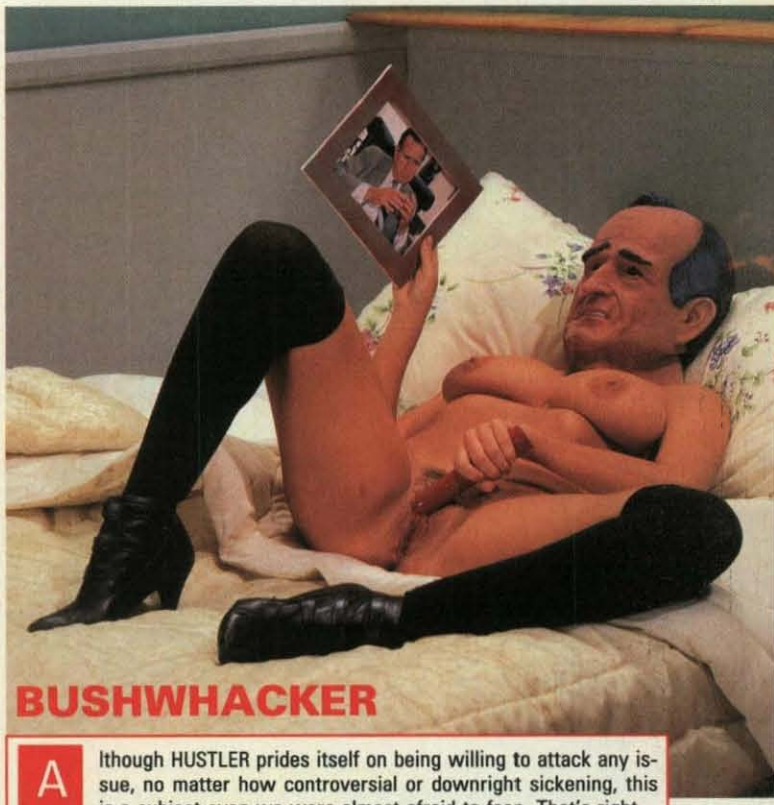


sale at your favorite newsstand for $4.95, GIRLS is jam-packed with the hottest and wettest HUSTLER Honeys we could find—some stacked, some lithe, but all mouth-watering sexpots. And if you can't find a copy in your area, you can order direct from Flynt Subscription Company Inc., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067. (Please include $1 postage and handling per issue ordered.)

THE WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE

Down-on-their-luck winos now have a shot at the big time. By redeeming the labels on bottles of Thundertrain and similar brands of vintage street hooch, they may get a chance to appear on *Blotto*. Here, the Big Spin doesn't refer to the whirlies, but rather the opportunity to win a lifetime's supply of cheap booze. Goodbye to scrabbling for spare change and wondering where the next drink's coming from; hello, instant cirrhosis of the liver.





BUSHWHACKER

Although HUSTLER prides itself on being willing to attack any issue, no matter how controversial or downright sickening, this is a subject even we were almost afraid to face. That's right—women who are, for inconceivable reasons, turned on by America's most recent President, to the point where they'll do almost anything to feel as one with the Commander in Chief. Believe us, you won't see anything about this on Geraldo or Oprah's shows.

PARODY: Not to be taken seriously.



GOOD NEWS FOR FRUGAL FUCKERS

Now you needn't throw away those used rubbers just 'cause they've developed a tear or two. Not with the condom repair kit, available for $5 from Peter Patch (P.O. Box 3592, Hollywood, CA 90078). We're not making this one up—the instructions state that one should remove and clean the defective condom, rub leak area thoroughly with hand buffer (this step can be applied to an impatient partner as well), apply glue to condom and patch. In case anyone is foolish enough to take this seriously, by the way, we'd better stress that these kits are sold strictly as novelty items, though the promotional material claims they've been tested in China, India and Mexico.

DRESS LIKE ONE OF THE GANG



It's refreshing to learn that not all gang members are into profiting off the lucrative drug trade—some have turned to the world of designer fashions instead. In fact, Our Gang Inc. has just unveiled their spring line of exclusive wear. From the Crips Collection, we see an exquisite Leroy original featuring bold multicolored lettering, while the House of Bloods offers a more subdued outfit enlivened by trademark obscenities on the back. Note the daring use of contrasting color headbands, guaranteed to turn heads at parties and get one shot for walking through the wrong neighborhoods.

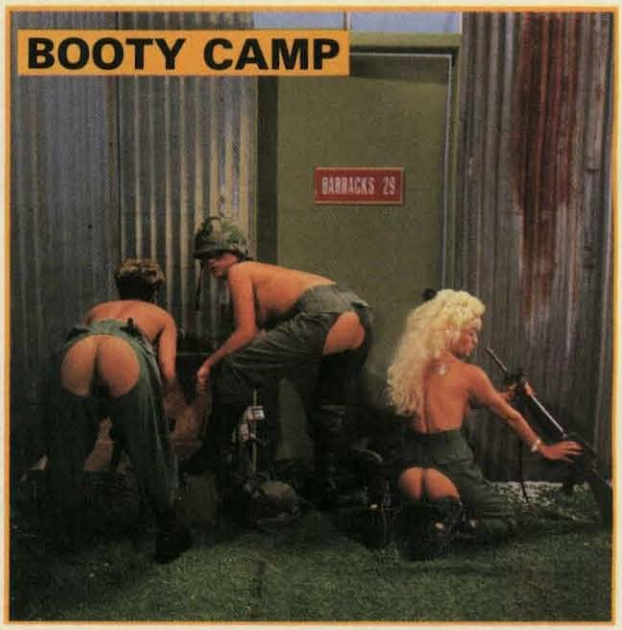
Great Moments in Entertainment



Michael Jackson and Jessica Hahn appear simultaneously on *Donahue* in order to deny that they are undergoing further plastic surgery to enhance their careers.

Parody: Not to be taken seriously.

BOOTY CAMP



The girls of Company Double D are among our nation's finest assets. Sporting the unique uniforms that have proven such a morale booster for the male troops, here the combat-ready cooze are seen preparing themselves for inspection. We don't know about other units, but where this crack team is concerned, the Army definitely travels on its rear.

THE KING IS BACK



Yes, courtesy of Colonel Tom Enterprises, Elvis fans need mourn no longer. Looking svelte and understandably subdued after his prolonged bout with death, Elvis Presley proves he's still got what it takes to pack in hordes of *National Enquirer* readers everywhere. Prerecorded renditions of postmortem hits such as "You Ain't Nothing but an Earthworm" and "Don't Step on My Stone-Cold Grave" make a suitable backing track for the King's admittedly static stage show. Fortunately, his devoted followers will pay to see anything.

MAY 1989

Sex News Bits

FINAL

Big News for Big Guys

Finally, an American company has developed a jumbo-size condom. Oakland, California's Mayer Laboratories will soon introduce its new "Maxx" prophylactics for "men who require additional size." But according to San Francisco urologist Bradford Young, these maxi-bags are unnecessary, citing tests that prove standard scum-catchers can be stretched to incredible limits. David Mayer, the president of Mayer Laboratories, disagrees, indicating market research reporting that most men stopped in the street claimed regular rubbers were inadequate for their mighty cocks. We don't know about you, but we were sure getting tired of using those Wonder Bread bags.

Hotel Gives Flying Fuck—Loses Kosher License

The Tiberias Club Hotel in Tiberias, Israel, is in hot water with local authorities after a unique New Year's Eve party trick consisting of a live aerial sex show performed above a hotel party. As a result of the 20-minute hover-fuck, the city's top cleric, Chief Rabbi David Peretz, revoked the hotel's kosher-food license. Peretz said the hotel had sinned and therefore wasn't fit to have its munchies blessed. Tiberias mayor Yigal Bibi was also unimpressed with the high-altitude porking. Said Bibi, "The directors of the hotel are completely nuts." Or maybe they just think with theirs.

Islam Issues: Adultery OK, Bathing Beauties Banned

They cover their women, they can't engage in mixed dancing or singing, they can't wear makeup or jewelry, and they are forbidden to have sex outside of marriage. Those Iranians just don't know how to party, right? Think again. Unbeknownst to most Westerners, the prophet Mohammed provided a way out of the celibate drudgery. Shiite Moslem Fundamentalists allow "pleasure marriages." These temporary unions allow singles to marry for "an hour, two days, as long as they desire," says Zeinab Nasser, an administrator at the Women's Religious Center in Baalbek, Lebanon. Nasser says that while in the marriage they can fuck as much as they want. All they have to do to get "pleasure married" is for the woman to say to a man, "I give myself to you in pleasure," and then the man replies, "I accept." Then it's time for the indefinite honeymoon. No clergyman is needed for the tryst. Needless to say, this practice is extremely popular in Iran. "Let's face it," admits Nasser, "They have physical needs." But that doesn't mean Moslems can flaunt it. Out of consideration for Islamic Fundamentalists, organizers of the 1989 Miss Egypt pageant have decided that the swimsuit competition be held in a private hotel suite, with only female judges allowed to attend. This is to avoid the mishaps of the 1986 pageant, when contestants refused to parade past male judges while attired in swimwear. And don't look for a Miss Iran contest—the Miss Egypt affair is the only beauty contest in the Arab Moslem world.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



Fucking Up Among Yankee Single Gals

Despite the advent of the "new chastity," a recent study says that American single women are having more sex now than ever before. A report by the Alan Guttmacher Institute and Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation claims that 76% of single adult females are getting laid these days, compared to 68% in 1982, which was before the AIDS epidemic became a major news story.

Chinese Baby Buyers Get Dicked

In the black market there are no rules for truth in packaging, but in China things are getting a little out of control. The New China News Agency reports that some female black-market babies are being altered and sold as male babies, which garner a much higher price in the marketplace. But the changes aren't surgical. Instead, shysters simply attach phony genitals to the girls. Hapless customers then find out they've been had when the fake wee-wees eventually fall off. So in buyer-beware China, prospective mommies and daddies are well advised to give the tyke a tug before dipping into the pocketbook. Does David Horowitz know about this?

Dutch Thieves Turning to Needle Point

Amsterdam, Holland, muggers are saving on ballistic and cutlery costs these days by engaging in a whole new brand of larcenous thuggery. Authorities report that robbers are now holding people up with syringes containing blood, telling victims that the contents are AIDS-contaminated. "It's a very nasty approach, almost worse than a gun," says state prosecution spokesman Leo di Wit. "People are scared to death about AIDS." The robbers display blood stains on the needles to convince victims they're ready to use it. Needless to say, most people get the point and avoid getting stuck.

X-Rated Income

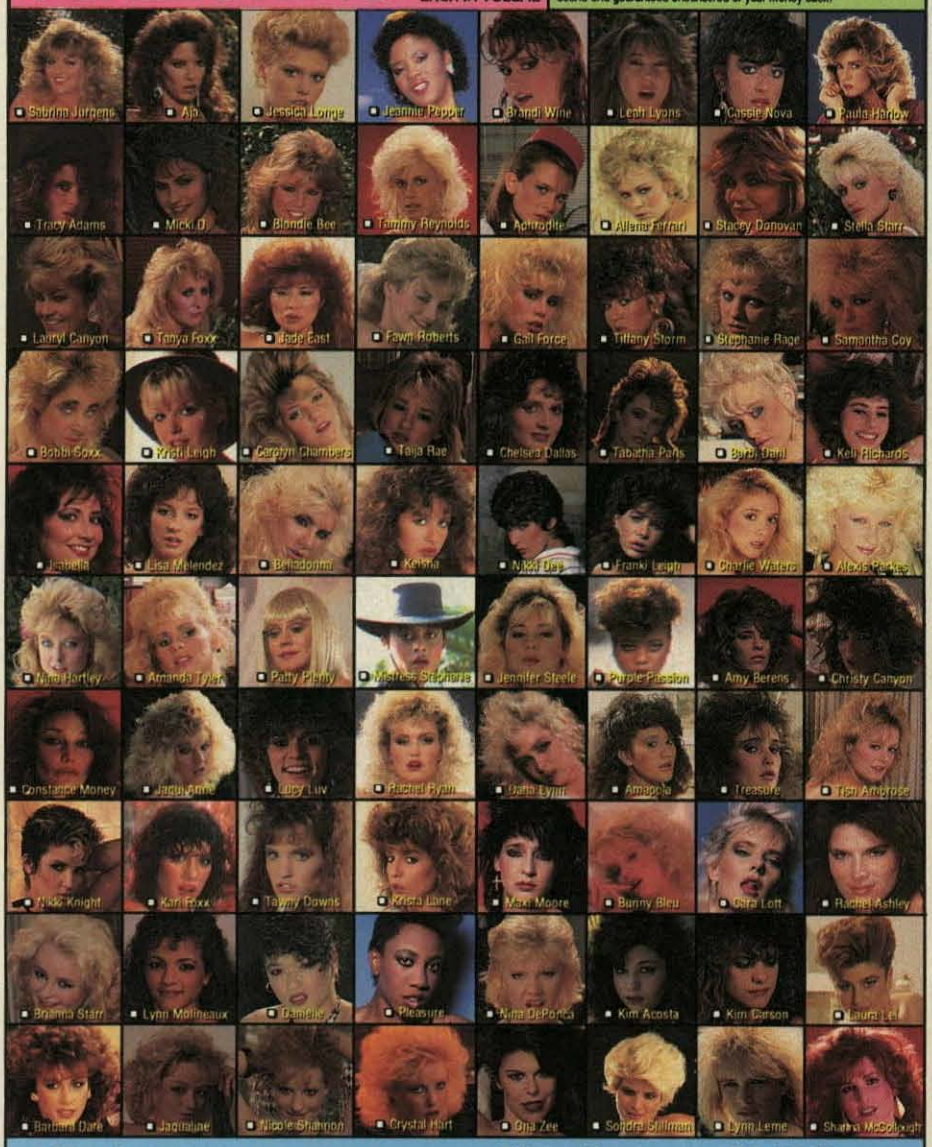
Each year, Americans *buy* $1 billion worth of sex videos, and rent $400 million worth of adult video material, the Adult Video Association reports.

150 VIDEO SUPERSTARS

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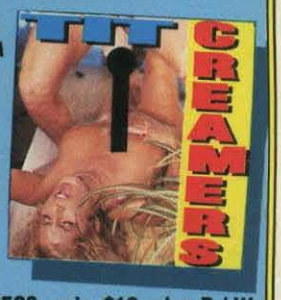
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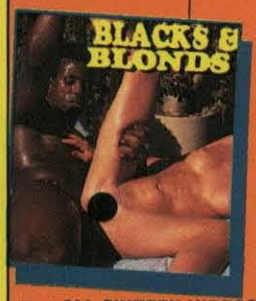
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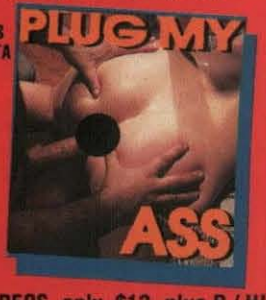
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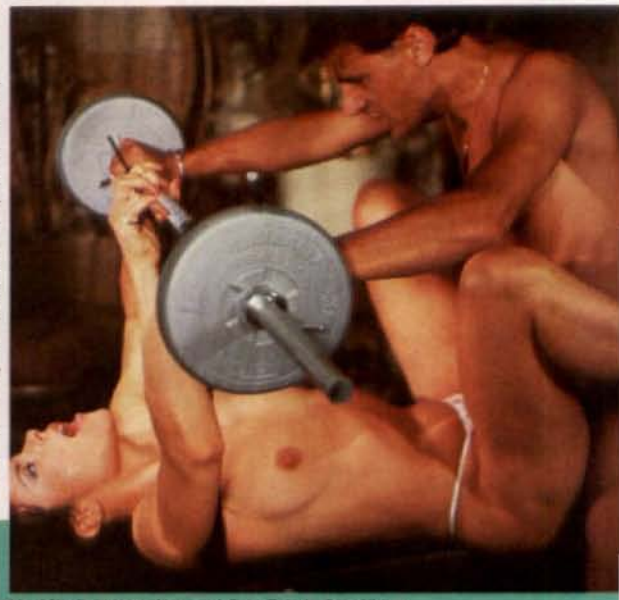
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EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT



With more than a thousand hard-core movies being released each year for the home audience, viewers, increasingly confronted by seductive advertising and slick packaging, are often at a loss when it comes to selecting an X-rated tape worth watching. ***HUSTLER is committed to serious, no-bullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions. Despite their drastic decline, there will always be adult theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhere—all you have to do is find it.***



Jon Martin pumps iron and Ona Zee in ***Sex Lives.***

X RATED TAPES

Edited by Mike Ferris

SEX LIVES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Farron Heights, Peter North, Ona Zee, Randy West, Mike Horner, Jade East, Jon Martin, Megan Leigh, Joey Silvera and Shanna McCullough. Videocassette by VCA.

Rich people are different from the rest of us, but not so different that they don't still need to get their rocks off. Witness pump-prick Peter North and nimble-tits Farron Heights, a pair of wealthy kids from feuding families. The progeny just want to pork, but the forebears forbid the fuck, stopping the duo in mid-schtup, sending them away blueballed and cunt-swollen. The parents, naturally enough, are hyper-prurient hypocrites. Hot mama Ona Zee strains and sweats on an exercise bench as big daddy Jon Martin batters her muff and mouth with his spitting-mean man-meat; sinicized stepmother Jade East, after humping horny hubby Martin with the aid of Shanna McCullough's tongue and twat, grants a grueling grudge-fuck to outraged Mike Horner. The hired hands are also slaves to their glands. Private nurse Megan Leigh ministrates to a distraught and vaginally distended Heights; gonad-gripping gardener Joey Silvera plays doctor dick to Leigh's nurse nookie. This comedy, shot by Alex DeRenzy and directed by Henri Pachard, has humor, heat and a pace. That combination—like a nice ass and a pretty face—is money in the bank. *—Kurt Blume*

HUSTLER'S

13th Annual

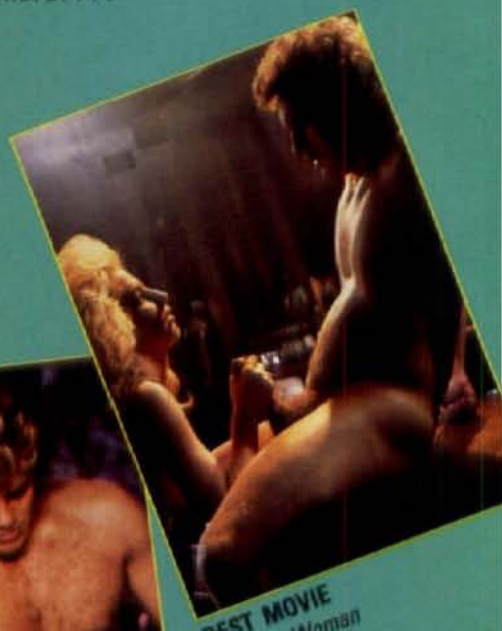
GOOGIE

Film & Video Awards

Thirteen seems to have been our readers' lucky number, as they singled out a bumper crop of noteworthy fuck flicks and performers. This year's poll seeking the best poles and holes resulted in an enthusiastic response, and unusually tight competition. But here, without further ado, are the winners....



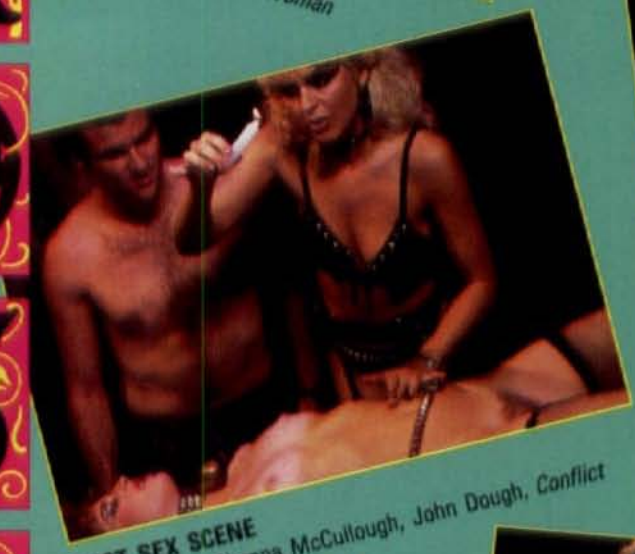
BEST DIRECTOR
John Leslie, *The Cat Woman*



BEST MOVIE
The Cat Woman



BEST ACTOR
Jerry Butler, *Raw Talent III*



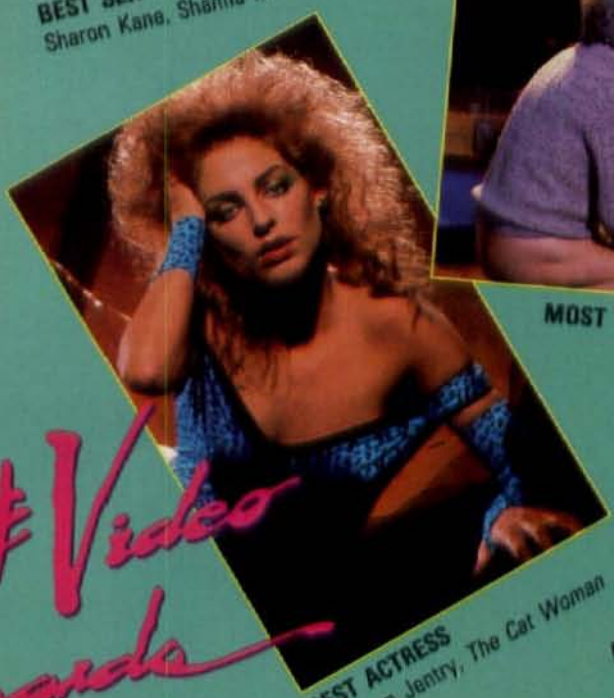
BEST SEX SCENE
Sharon Kane, Shanna McCullough, John Dough, *Conflict*



MOST ACCOMPLISHED CUNNILINGUISTS
Renee Morgan, Aja, *Prom Girls*



MOST DISAPPOINTING MOVIE
In a Crystal Fantasy

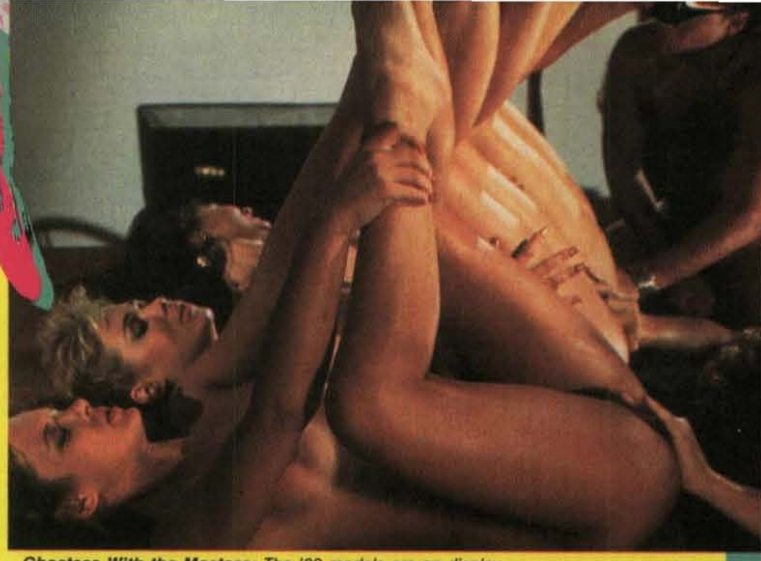


BEST ACTRESS
Kathleen Jentry, *The Cat Woman*



MOST ACCOMPLISHED FELLATIO ARTIST
Delia Moore, *Very Dirty Dancing*

VIDEO OF THE MONTH



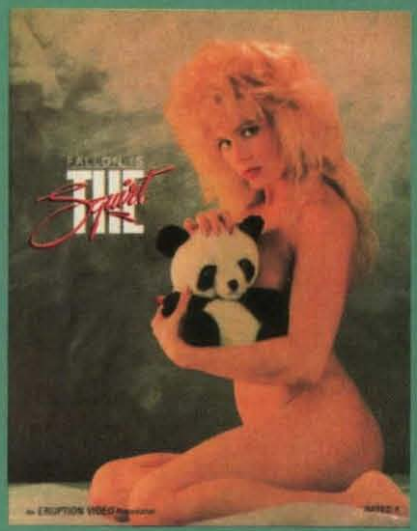
Ghostess With the Mostess: *The '89 models are on display.*

THE SQUIRT

Shot on Video.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Buck Adams; starring Fallon, Amanda Tyler, Desiree Fox, Jerry Butler, Tim Ryan and Dan Cooper. Videocassette by Eruption Video.

Fallon's got a problem. No, it's not the oversized blond wig she's forced to carry atop her head throughout *The Squirt*—she actually looks good supporting a mass of off-colored hair not her own. Fallon's dilemma is a secret embarrassment about her pussy, which makes her reluctant to fuck her new boyfriend. The distraught nymph is afraid he'll ditch her if he discovers that her cunt discharges a hot, viscous stream of orgasmic fluid every time she reaches climax, a frothy feat achieved twice in *The Squirt*. Naturally, her lucky beau doesn't throw his leaky lady away; just like in real life, he recognizes a gold mine when he sees one. Fallon's expectorating hole is such a powerful commodity that it carries *The Squirt*, her pair of gushers being the only two truly arresting moments in a video featuring two other females, each of whom has one fuck and shares in a slot-slobbering melee with the leading lady. Thanks for the squirts; next time give us a steady stream. *—K. B.*



THE GHOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Alex DeRenzy; starring Aja, Joey Silvera, Eva Allen, Randy Spears, Tanya Foxx, Tom Byron, Dana Lynn, Kendal Marx and Blake Palmer. Videocassette by Caballero Home Video.



Perky Eva Allen plays devil's advocate.

This is one of the few sexvids in existence that doesn't have a lesbian scene, but it's got practically everything else: wit, humor, beautiful women, penetrating camerawork, Joey Silvera's fingers (two) in Tanya Foxx's bum, excellent acting and a great fiveway. A cross between *Topper* and *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, *Ghostess* features the radiant Eva Allen (billed as Marlene Bond) and Randy Spears as two ghosts who meddle in the sex lives of the family that moves into their house. Unfortunately, though Allen appears throughout the movie, she has only one sex scene. More unfortunately, she retired after only a handful of fuck flicks...so rewind and watch her screw Tom Byron again. Byron also has a terrific scene with Foxx that culminates in what looks like a surprise facial. The finale is an inventively photographed fiveway that starts with the youthful Dana Lynn and Kendal Marx diving on Blake Palmer's wienie, then ending up legs up on a bench with Aja, their cunts playing hostess to Palmer and Silvera's digits. *Ghostess*'s flaw is not enough sex scenes, but it's far from fatal. One DeRenzy-lensed sex scene is worth two of just about anybody else's. *Mostess* is a must. *—John Cooper*

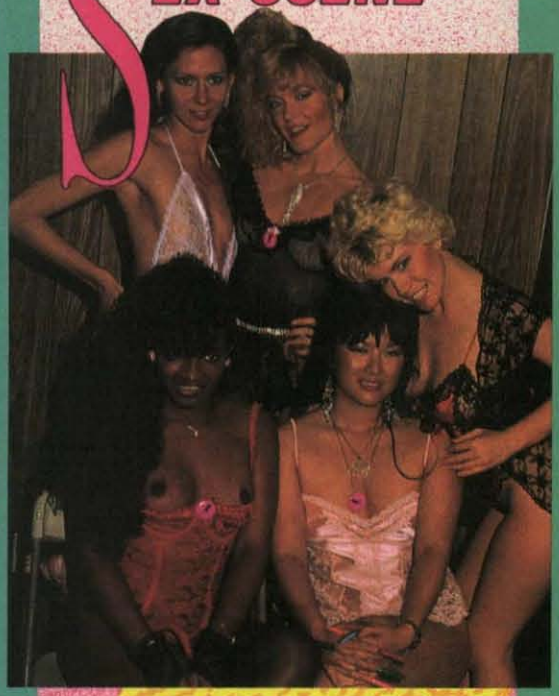
K.U.N.T. TV

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Raoul Colombo; starring Stephanie Rage, Jessica Longe, Frankie Leigh, Renee Morgan, Jacqueline Lorians, Tanya Foxx, Mike Horner, Randy West and Billy Dee. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

Subtlety is perhaps not to be expected from any porn tape titled *K.U.N.T. TV*. As *TV* opens, the devil appears to distraught station owner Stephanie Rage and offers a deal to boost ratings. His plan? Subliminal broadcast of sex tapes. This story takes no longer to tell than to read about; yet a full quarter of *K.U.N.T.*'s duration is lavished upon it. This might be construed as a waste of fucking time, and fucking time being the most precious moments of a fuck tape, it would appear to be sheer idiocy to waste them. *K.U.N.T.* does have carnality to cherish: Tanya Foxx in synthetic black hair opens her authentic asshole to Billy Dee's real rod; Mike Horner slavers and lathers Brigitte Nielsen epigone Jessica Longe; Jacqueline Lorians dines on low-cal plate Frankie Leigh; Billy Dee dick-delights raunchy Renee Morgan; and Randy West rampages Rage, intercut with scenes of Stephanie dildo-slamming herself. But there's too much time out for station identification. D.U.M.B. *—Hakim Whithers*

SEX SCENE



BABES IN TOYLAND

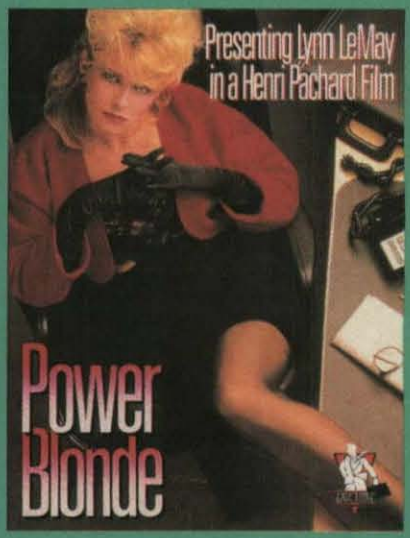
Not every man is given the opportunity to take off his favorite fuck-film star's underwear with his teeth. But adult-cinema magnate Bill Margold has made the dream come true for a few fortunate fellows with his recent fifth annual porn-actress lingerie show in Upland, California. Audience members were allowed to bid on the lingerie items being modeled by various sex-screen sirens, all of them members of the Pink Ladies Social Club, the industry support group for women. (The Pink Ladies pictured here are, clockwise from the upper left, Porsche Lynn, Christy Robbins, Ariel Knight, Mai Lin and Angel Kelly.) The lucky high bidders were then encouraged to add the items to their personal collections, using the no-hands removal technique. Porn stud Jerry Butler was on hand, flexing his creative muscles with a comedy routine; the actresses answered questions and posed for instant photos; Margold provided free rabies shots for the girls; and in general, a good time was had by all.

POWER BLONDE

Shot on Video.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Nina Hartley, Lynn LeMay, Ona Zee, Renee Morgan, Jon Martin, Randy West, Joey Silvera and Sharon Kane. Videocassette by Adult Video Corporation.

One of the great tragedies of the American free-enterprise system is the infiltration of women into the formerly male-dominated management-level workplace. In *Power Blonde* sociologist/director Henri Pachard exposes the drawbacks of females cunting their way to the top. But even more telling than the labes' inimical effect upon office stability is their invidious influence over the formerly male domain of pornography: Presumably attempting to woo the couples (read *female*) contingent, Pachard has elected to anticlimax two perfectly indecent trysts with internal (read *faked*) cum-shots. (A third wadless ball-blast was apparently jizzed up during the editing process.) If that doesn't make the ladies happy enough, sex-sick slut Renee Morgan acts upon her penis envy, claiming that Joey Silvera's cock is her own and jerking it off into Lynn LeMay's career-woman face. While this eruption provides a moment of genuine release from binding gender roles, it's worthwhile to note that before this type of namby-pamby porn, only women faked orgasms. *—H. W.*



ANGELA TAKES A DARE

Shot on Video.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Annie G.; starring Angela Baron, Barbara Dare, Susan Mason, Jade East, Marc Wallice and Jan Sanders. Videocassette by Fantasy Home Video.

There is plenty of room in life for rip-offs; so why are so many consumer exploitations centered in the realm of pornography? The philosophizing pud puller can ponder this verity of venery, and anything else that occurs to him, while awaiting the appearance of sexual superstars Angela Baron and Barbara Dare. Meanwhile, he has no choice but to lamely audit a pair of straight-ahead fucks, one of sluggish and druggish, pasty-white Susan Mason by curve-dick Marc Wallice and the other of slatternly, skinny, slime-slot slit-eye Jade East by regular dork Jan Sanders. Following a pair of sloppy semen splashes, the girls maunder; then, as if by magic, Angela and Barbara appear together in a bed. Baron and Dare quickly strip down to fucking nudity and maul one another for a time, the highlight being a few moments of Dare chewing out Baron's bunghole. Next, Mason and East reprise, only this time the Oriental screws Wallice, and Sanders bangs the white trash. *Angela Takes a Dare* is daring—a daring instance of deceit and bad faith.

—Christian Shapiro



Angela Takes a Dare: *Barbara Dare subjects Angela Baron to close anal-ysis.*

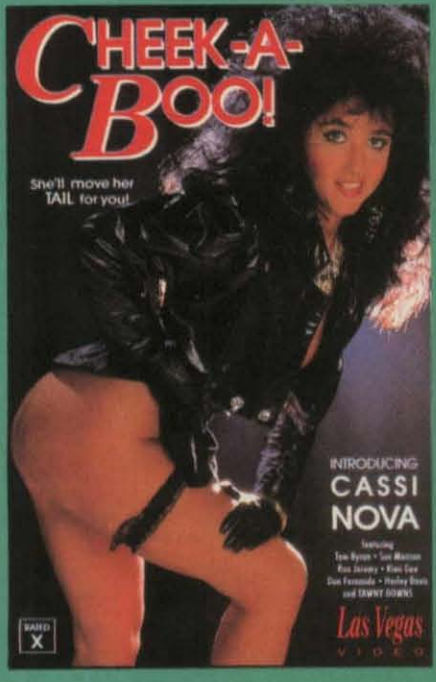
CHEEK-A-BOO!

Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Dave Elliot; starring Cassi Nova, Tawny Downs, Susan Mason, Tom Byron, Harley Davis and Don Fernando. Videocassette by Las Vegas Video.

Shithole-schtupping savants have been crap out of luck on the video-sex market for the past few years, with anal-invasion tapes reduced to compilations of fecal fucks past or execrably faked excuses for excretory eroticism. Any turd-tamperer who's waited this long for the real thing should be able to endure the cameo appearances of Ron Jeremy that punctuate the five butt-banging, brand-new asshole attacks of *Cheek-a-Boo!* Bedecked in thigh-high black boots and higher lace stockings, foreign national Cassi Nova takes Harley Davis's domestic dork with effortless grace from her cunt to her crapper, with butt crack spread wider than the smile on her face. Nova later dons an elaborate set of white undergarments for a Tom Byron bunger plumbing and a slimy spurt on her stretched shitter. Tattoo-tit Susan Mason overcomes anemia and anomie to open her rear hole to, first, the pole of Don Fernando and, later, to rectally ride the rod of Byron. White-trashy Tawny Downs looks back resentfully, but takes Davis's dick like a man, right up her filth hole. *Cheek-a-Boo!* is some real stirring shit.

—K. B.





HAWAII VICE

Shot on Video.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Nicholas Pera; starring Kascha, Francois Papillon, Stephanie Rage, Peter North, Bionca, Jade East, Nina De Ponca and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette by Cinderella Home Video.

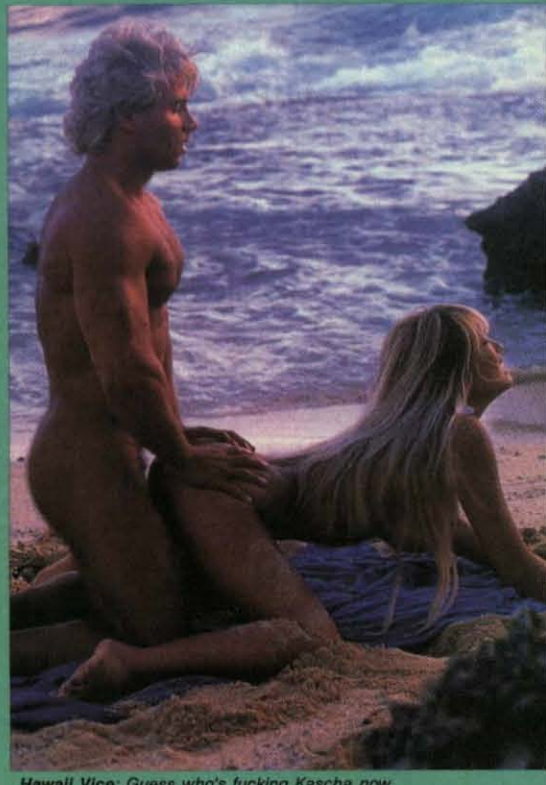
It'd be too much to hope for the Francois-devoted Kascha to place her sugarplum lips around the plum-tipped prick of some hairless simian other than her legally wedded Papillon, while another club-dicked stranger to the conjugal bed plumbs her pouty pussy depths with his turgid truncheon, and yet another nonconnubial stud holds the hybrid slit's almond eyes open. The envisioned shower of out-of-the-family semen is beyond the realm of probability, but why not anticipate Francois packing a rough rump-hump into his butterball better half, slapping his cock around her simpering face, slicing schlong through her new, big, fat, fake boobs, skimming goonch onto her inscrutable Kewpie-pie face, then standing up and finishing the job off by taking a big piss all along the prostrate form of his Mrs.? Give up. No one goes all the way to Hawaii for that. *Hawaii* features walks along the beach, a foreign national parking a car (twice), airplanes in the sky and no cum from Francois to his honeybun. *Vice* is far too nice. *—H. W.*

BIONCA ON FIRE

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Bionca, Erica Boyer, Sharon Mitchell, Desiree Fox, Randy West, Marc Wallice, Tom Byron and John Dough. Videocassette by 4 Play Video.

For some slab-handling slobs, Bionca is an acquired taste; for others, she is an acquired distaste. Those repelled cite her sickly muscle tone, pathological complexion and congenitally malformed teeth as deterrents to appreciation of the glory hole. Bionca's champions declare that she is, in fact, a raunchy, fuck-mad maenad, whose finer attributes, in *Bionca on Fire* alone, include the ability to insert a buzzing, metal-coated cylinder deep into her asshole as another is plunged into her pussy; the capacity to accommodate four male fingers twisting in tandem within her cunt as a string of anal beads is popped into her pooper; a penchant for coating her face in fresh-coaxed cum; a talent for meeting quim with her own trim; and practiced skill at satisfying two stroking pricks simultaneously, one plowing into her pink orifice, the other burrowing through the brown round. It doesn't take much to set *Bionca on Fire*, though some viewers might wonder what it would take to put her out. *—C. S.*



Hawaii Vice: *Guess who's fucking Kascha now.*

LAYS OF OUR LIVES

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Milton Ingley; starring Aja, Kathleen Jentry, Sharon Mitchell, Carlos Valentino, Christy Robbins, Scott Irish and Rick Savage. Videocassette by Zane Entertainment Group.

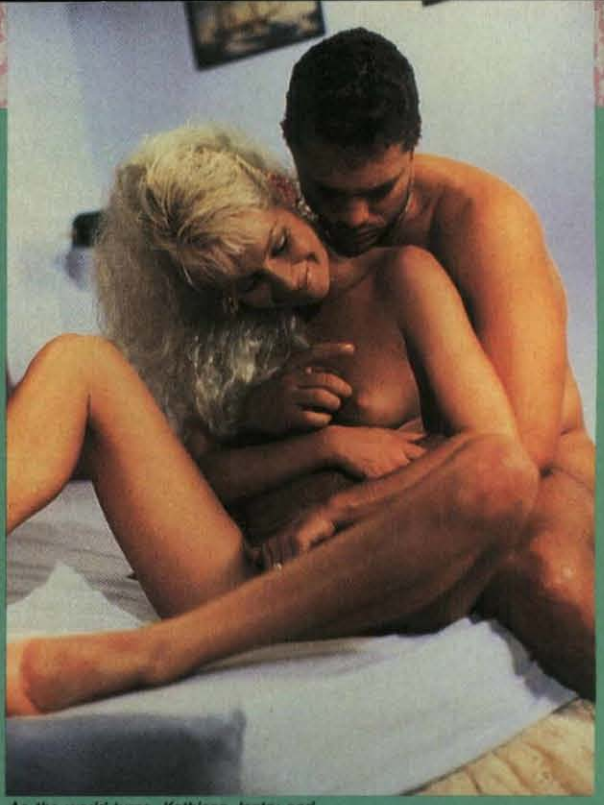
Mixing the porn and soap-opera genres is a dangerous thing, resulting more often than not in a stuttering, meandering mass of pointless talk and vapid facial expressions. If time permits, a few fucks are thrown in. The gleetwise generally shy away from any soap-sex derivative, but those with more curiosity than intelligence may be tempted to check out *Lays of Our Lives* simply because chatter-face Ona Zee is not included in the cast. Nevertheless, loquaciousness reigns over lasciviousness in *Lays*, with much of the gab delivered in an English-as-second-language patois. *Our Lives* has two points of interest—lethargic brunet softy-buns Aja and frenetic blond taut-butt Kathleen Jentry. Aja lounges back beneath the plunges of rutting Rick Savage, who smears cock crud throughout her splayed crack and buttocks. Jentry lavishes her lingam lapping on Carlos Valentino, finishing him off with an apparently bogus inner-mouth wad-shot. Aja then feigns interest and consciousness in a girl/girl with a stringy-haired, pasty-thighed slattern. Aged harpy Sharon Mitchell also appears. The lays are their lives—welcome to it. *—C. S.*

SWEET SPURT OF YOUTH

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Jerry Butler, Jennifer Miles, Stephanie Rage, Ona Zee, Siobhan Hunter, Damian Cashmere and Rick Savage. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

Sweet Spurt of Youth delivers scattered bursts of freshness. Director Paul Thomas and his cameraman might even be able to teach the old dogs at the major networks a few tricks. When on NBC is Siobhan Hunter's face applied to Damian Cashmere's bloated blood sausage from a perspective encompassing Jerry Butler's backdrop of squeamish misgivings? Does ABC send Stephanie Rage walking directly into the camera, coming through the tube into the viewer's lap before chowing down on Rick Savage's choad and taking a load of his clammy manchowder on her augmented secondary sex characteristics? Of course, CBS has never allowed a camera to caress the length of Ona Zee, a woman who has toped too long from the bitter fount of aging, and hopefully CBS never will. Unfortunately, Thomas has yet to fully overcome his tendency to self-defeat. Though *Sweet Spurt* is engagingly presented, the sex scenes are edited to pieces, reduced at times to extended snippets. Viewing youths may get off a sweet spurt, but it'll have to be a quick one. *—C. S.*



As the world turns, Kathleen Jentry and Carlos Valentino bring us ***Lays of Our Lives****.*

STROKER'S GUIDE

This column lists and rates erotic videos and films (F) reviewed in the past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. All titles are available on videocassette.

Fully Erect

The Cat Woman
Conflict
Insatiable Janine
Mad About You
Very Dirty Dancing

Three-Quarters Erect

Angel Puss
The Brazilian Connection
The Devil in Mr. Holmes (F)
Good Morning, Saigon
In and Out With John Leslie
Mandii's Magic
The Night Before
Only the Best of Oral
Prom Girls
Pulsating Flesh (F)
Rachel Ryan RR
The Slut

Half Erect

Alice in Blackland
Angel's Back
The Kink
KTSX-69
Laid in the USA
The Naked Stranger
The Pillowman
Porn Star's Day Off
Samantha, I Love You
Scooter Trash
Stormi
Surfside Sex

One-Quarter Erect

Deep Inside Trading (F)
The First of April
Flesh for Frankenstein
Hot Blondes
Pacific Intrigue
Single Girl Masturbation
Skin Dive
Twentysomething, Episode 2
Twisted Sisters
A Woman's Touch

Totally Limp

Debbie's Love Spell
Girls on Girls
Her Every Wish
Hot Numbers
Lingerie Party

RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT — Superior. A top production.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT — Above average. Hard-on material.
- HALF ERECT — Standard fare. Has moments.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT — Poor. Don't expect much.
- TOTALLY LIMP — A waste of time and money.



- Reamed Meat
- Spurting Cum
- Sex Showers
- Sliding Dicks
- Liquid Lips
- Horny Orgies
- Shaved Chicks
- Ass Lovers
- Butt Fuckers
- Kinky Korner
- Group Grope
- Stroking Studs
- Pussy Tickling
- Dildo Dolls
- Sucking Boobs
- Climaxing Cum
- Teasing Ticklers
- Tit Fucking
- Ass Blasting
- Anal Affair
- Lip Licking
- Pink Tunnels
- Tongue Titting
- Clit Cumming
- Panty Chewing
- Skid Marks
- Sucking Sluts
- Slick Chicks
- Finger Fuckers
- Pussy Ramming
- Hotel Hookers
- Horny Whores
- Driving Dicks
- Open & Willing
- Deeper Throating
- Cock Cravers
- Kinky Coeds
- Lip Service
- Butt Blasting
- Cum Sucking
- Aroused Analing
- Suede Shaving
- Orgasmic Lez's
- Face Fucking
- Nipple Tweaking
- Wet Sex
- Twat Eaters
- Lip Smacking
- Bathing Broads
- Fucking Fountain
- Double Dildos
- Clit Strokers
- Cuming Cunts
- Hot Twats
- Lust Licking
- Balling Bitches
- Gang Banging
- Bottom Bursting
- Creamy Cheeks
- Lusting Loins
- Wet Humping
- Rump Romp
- Ass Pluggers
- Hard & Horny
- Biggest Cocks
- Sex Stroking
- Well Hung Studs
- Horny Housewives
- Raunchy Reamers
- Asian Lez's
- Fucking Fantasies
- Three Way Cum
- Anal Orgasms
- Lust Lovers
- Cum Cravings
- Jerking Loads
- Cramming Cooze
- Tight Twats
- Oozing Pussies
- Tingling Tushes
- Rubber Loves
- Super Suckers
- Wet Shots
- Pussy Poking
- Titanic Tits
- Taking It All
- Anal Probing
- K-Y Feast
- Mammoth Mounds
- Wet Panties
- Naked Nymphs
- Gushing Gonads
- She Loves It Big
- Creaming Dreams
- Porno Queen
- X-Rated Rumps
- Liquid Lovers
- Stroking Suckers
- Stroking Sisters
- Super Sucking
- Milk Maids
- Wet Pussies
- Horny & Hung
- Greased Bottoms
- Throbbing Twats
- Cunt Cummin
- Ass Drilling
- Kingsize Boobs
- Dripping Orifices
- Massive Manhood
- Peter Pushing
- Kinky & Nasty
- Oriental Balling
- Cum Back for More
- Eat My Pussy
- Bottoms Up
- Dildo Cramming
- Shaved and Sexy
- Black Bitches
- Super Cummers
- Strokers Wild
- Fanny Fuckers
- Pussy Grope
- Double Fuckers
- Oreo 3-Way
- Thar She Blows
- Cum over my Tits
- Finger Fun
- Juicy Riders
- Spurts of Love
- Anal Blonde Sex
- Black Buttfuckers
- Pink Inside
- Splattering Spurts
- Chunky Chicks
- 38DD's Galore
- Hard & Ready
- Hanging Boobs
- Lick My Ass
- Leaking Loins
- Cum up my Butt
- Fuck Bath
- Lesbo Laying
- Anal Alleyways
- Sucking Superstars
- Hugh and Hung
- Cum Crazy
- Coed Pussy Feast
- Exploding Erections

ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS AND OLDER

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HOT FOXY YOUNG GIRLS
415/681-5415 Live! 24 HRS. V/MC/AE

EXHIBITIONIST WIVES! Amateur Videos, Photos. X-Sample $2, Karin, Box 538-H, Island Lake, IL 60042

LARVA'S GROSS TALK!! Sick & Perverted. $25 NO Collect Callbacks! **(415) 567-4578**

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Phone Sex (214) 233- 4512 4517 4519

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CHICAGO'S FINEST PHONE SEX!!
All Fantasies! All Fetishes! **1-312-878-9640,** Credit Cards

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Toll Free Pleasure! V/MC/AE 24 HRS LIVE!

$14.95 SIMPLY SEXY Phone Talk! Alive & Lively SIMPLY THE BEST!! V/MC/AE 24 HRS. Call **(415) 567-6969**

$15 DAWN'S PHONE
The best selling phone-sex in America!
Call **415/931-8421** V/MC/AE **24 HRS!**

$15 HELL'S BELLES!!
Devilishly Daring Dialog. Specializing in the SINFUL!
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"CLASSY ASS" KINKY PHONE FUN!
No Taboos!! **(707) 644-6062** v/mc/amx

LOVE & SEX!! MEET exciting, erotic men & women thru LOVE CLUB DATES—Hot hostesses waiting for your call **1-312-262-9800** or send $2 for FREE color brochure to PO BOX 59238-LA, Chicago, IL 60659

CUM SHOOTING PHONESEX!
We're friendly, hot & so horny! $12.50 Credit Cards.
SUE or CANDY (415) 441-7832. 2 Girls $25.

RIO'S GIRLS ARE NICE & NAUGHTY
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FANTASY LINE
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No Credit Card Needed! **(213) 617-2884**

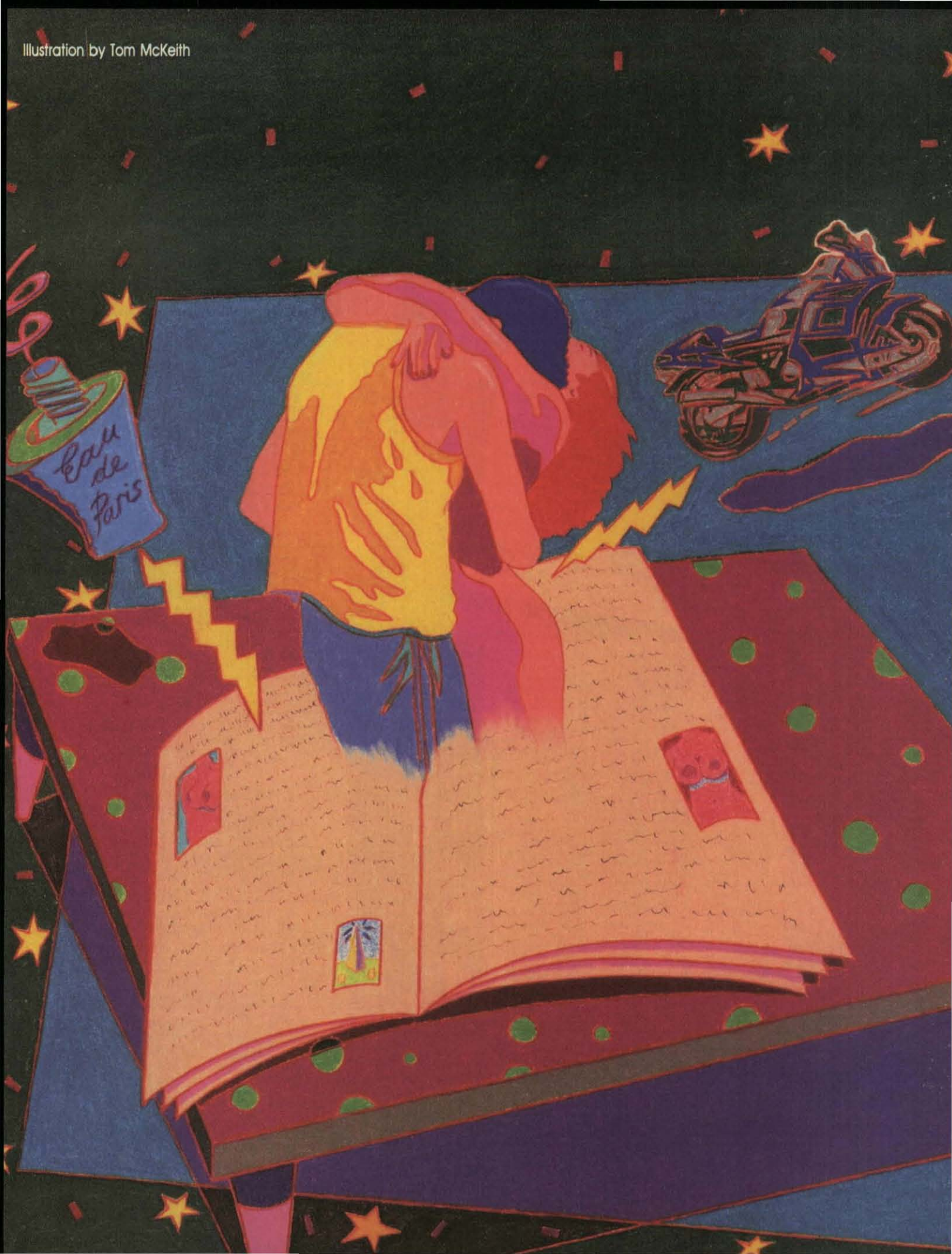
"BROWN SUGAR" EXOTIC BLACK BEAUTIES
SATISFY YOU BY PHONE (707) 644-0925 v/mc/amx

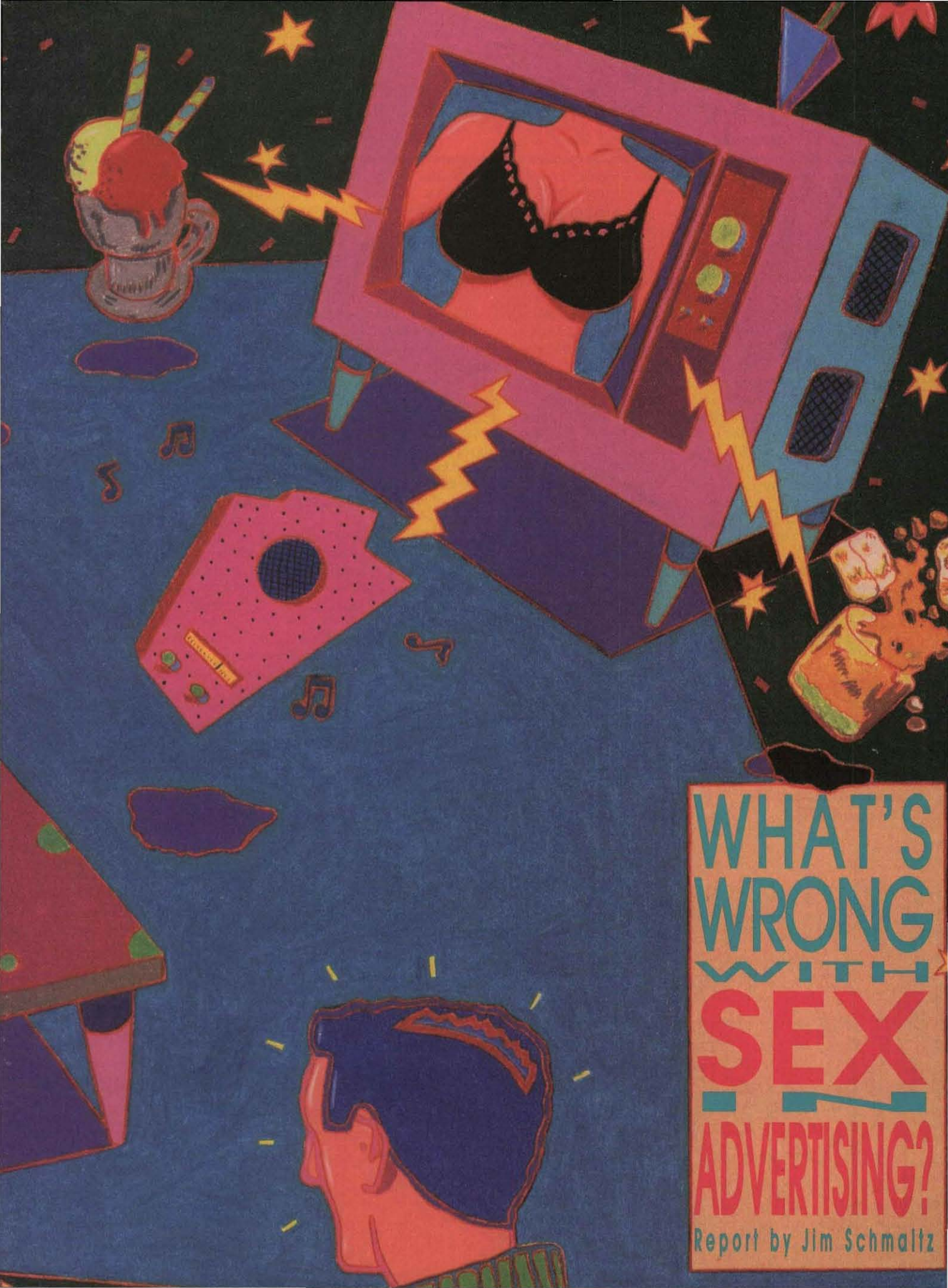
BEAUTIFUL, Sexy Mexican girls seek boyfriends! All ages. Free photo selection. Latins, Box 1716-H, Chula Vista, CA 92012. PH# **(619) 425-1867**

CHICAGO ESCORTS, Pretty ladies come to your location. Noon-4 am. **312-758-8111, 758-6272**

INTIMATE–QUICK DATES!! Personal listing LIKE NO OTHER! Direct names, addresses, phone numbers PLUS PHOTOS! Call Judy and Tim **1-404-545-5608**

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Illustration by Tom McKeith
Eau de Paris



WHAT'S WRONG WITH SEX IN ADVERTISING?

Report by Jim Schmaltz

SEX IN ADVERTISING

Sex in advertising has reached a new zenith, going from a sly wink to a naked embrace.

A woman dressed in brilliant red pauses and pouts before a nightclub window. Drawing all eyes, she sashays inside the hip venue and, in reverence for the on-stage musician, tilts her head backward and raises an eyebrow seductively. A phallic-shaped, frothing, thick-necked bottle appears before her. She is satisfied.

* * *

A muscle-pumped construction worker swings a beam of steel, his taut torso glistening from the labor. A woman clad in yuppie threads refers to the bulging Adonis coldly and, in one quick, emasculating gesture, derides the man of steel for his inability to produce body odor as prolifically as a female. As women across America ogle the sinewy stud, they are told that only one substance on Earth can sufficiently restrain their feminine sweat glands. The hard hat smiles goofily in the background, oblivious to this revelation.

* * *

For no apparent reason, several neurotic adults with Eurotrash haircuts thrash around an angular, monochromatic room. Suddenly an attractive young woman in the midst of a PMS-like fit upsets a chess game in progress. Terrified by an odd-looking blond man with a frighteningly large forehead who threatens her with romance, she wisely flees from the scene. Saddened, yet defiant, the man with the protruding skull remarks, "If obsession is a crime, let me be guilty."

* * *

Even the most casual television viewer will recognize the above scenarios as means to an end, advertisements to sell beer, deodorant and perfume.

Welcome to the new sexual advertising, a phenomenon that is often as puzzling as it is prurient. Found on TV, billboards and print ads, the stars of these mini-dramas and pretentious posedowns are usually gorgeous, physically conditioned and young. They are hot, hip, and they are everywhere. Please don't hate them because they're beautiful.

It may be as old as the craft of selling, but sex in advertising has reached a new zenith, going from a sly wink to a naked embrace. From print to cathode, the media bustles with curves, muscle and skin, all to push products, from denim to perfume. Though carnality has been used for years, television viewers and magazine readers have begun to get treated, or mistreated, to a new era of home-eroticism, sadomasochism and narcissistic body worship. Though persistent feminist complaints of female objectification still abound, the new shock sell typified by Calvin Klein products and Guess Jeans implies a new sexuality and reflects the changing attention span of an MTV-fed culture. As advertising creative director John Ferrell of Young & Rubicam says, "Advertising doesn't lead society; it follows." And the results remain the same—sex in advertising works.

According to Dave Vadehra, who runs Video Storyboard Tests, a company that rates the most noticed print and television spots, the Calvin Klein Obsession advertisements are the number-one print-ad campaign, followed by the Marlboro Man. The rugged cancer achiever has taken decades to reach that elevated spot, while the art-school nightmares known as the Obsession ads are relative infants. The Marlboro Man is a macho individualist trying to appeal to a spirit of adventure; the Obsession models are Nautilized, androgynous no-necks stripped of individuality, trying to appeal to an '80s spiritual vortex. Look who's winning.

Frank Presbrey, author of *The History and Development of Advertising*, says that the genesis of modern advertising can be reduced to two slogans: "See that hump?" and "You press the button; we do the rest." It's basically a show-and-tell, but somewhere along the line, advertisers dropped the "tell." Simply planting the product in a consumer's consciousness—or subconsciousness—using any means possible, became the aim. Ad men learn quickly; the best way to achieve recognition is through sexual imagery.

From benign attention-grabbing to pure titillation, advertisers use sex one, or all, of three ways: 1) Product is noticed and remembered by thoughts of sexual fulfillment. 2) Product is link to sexual fulfillment. 3) Product *is* sexual fulfillment.

The first way is the oldest and most common. It started off with "SEX" in big, bold letters, with small print directly below that read, "Now that we've caught your attention. . . ." According to some of today's advertisers, most sex in advertising is the visual manifestation of that simple device.

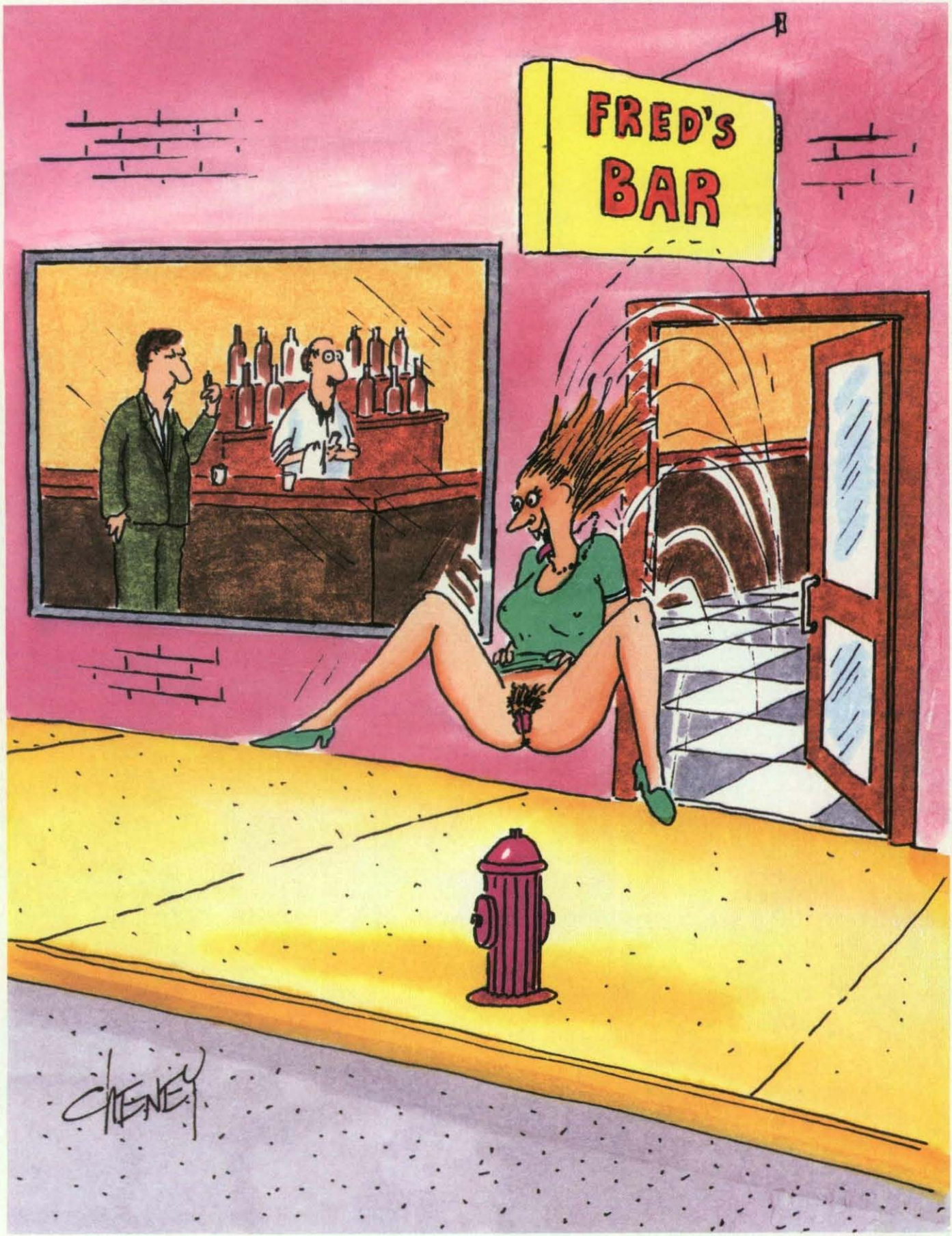
"Attention-getting, that's why it's done," says Tim Bayless of ad firm Hill, Holiday, Connors, Cosmopulos, Inc., in Boston. "It'd be dishonest to say we didn't use it."

As far back as the 1900s, Coca-Cola used beautiful girls known as "stoppers" to grab the eyes of passersby. Since then, stoppers have been used for a variety of products—from tractors to spark plugs to

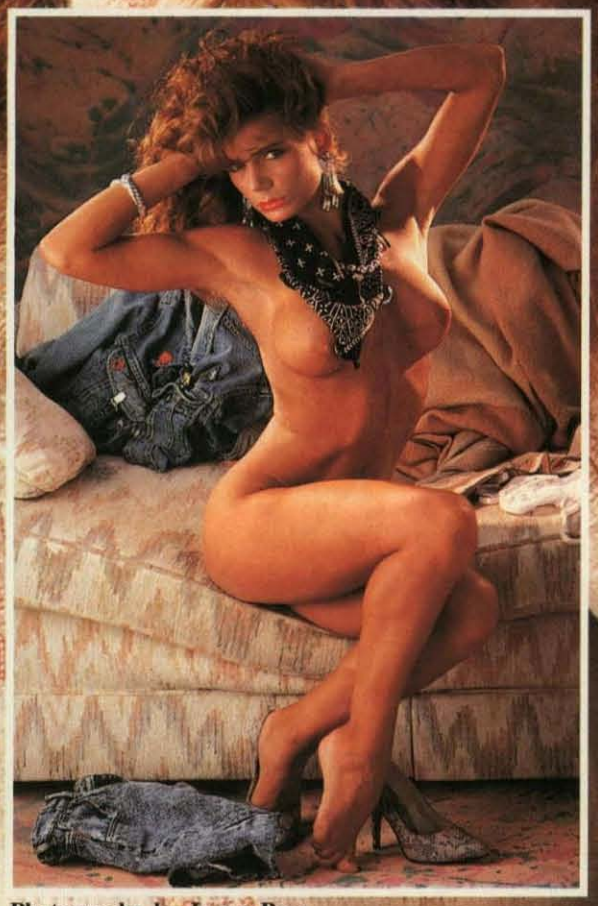
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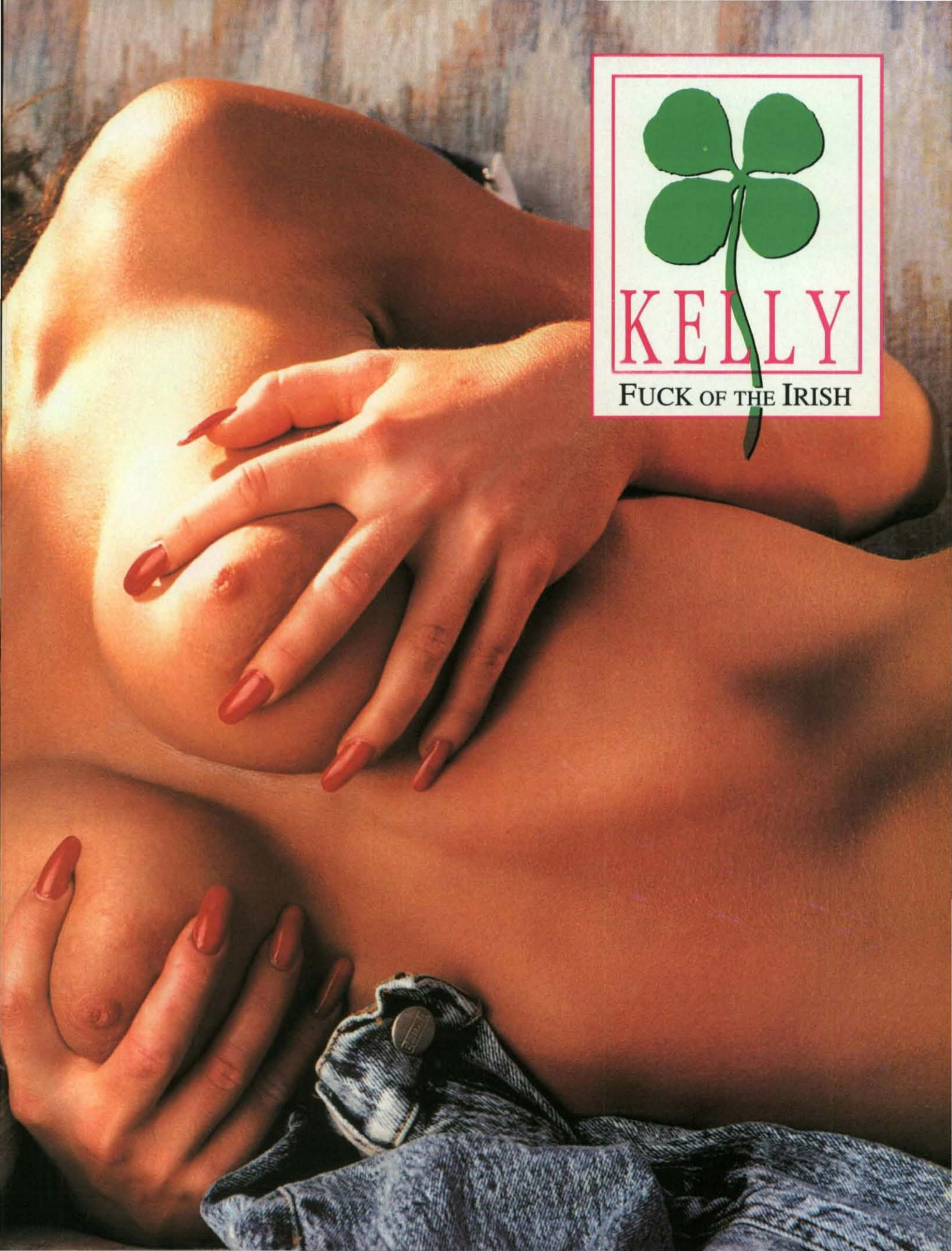
"It's the latest in phone-sex technology. A scratch 'n' sniff mouthpiece!"



"Shit. . . too much Spanish fly!"



Photography by James Baes


KELLY
FUCK OF THE IRISH


·FOKA·



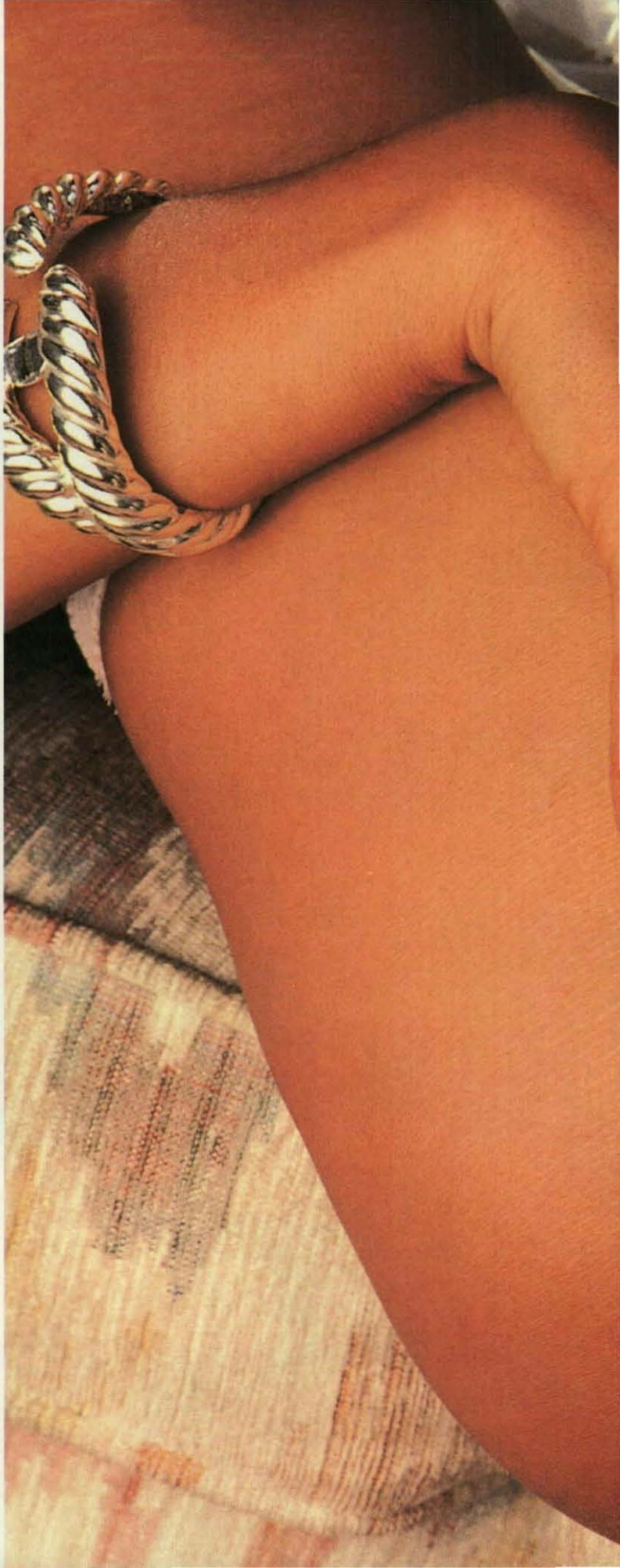
If you're lucky, a leprechaun will lead you to the pot of gold, but if you really want the big prize, ask the little fellow to take you to the Dublin pad of gorgeous Kelly and her bionic cunt. Even in this strife-torn country where brother fights brother, this redheaded fuck machine with the killer bod doesn't care where your loyalties are, as long as you know how to use your rock-hard *shillelagh*. Though some local lads have to off an English soldier just to impress the babes, all it takes to be Kelly's hero is a rigid, twitching hard-on able to split her slippery sluiceway. Her Irish thighs are smiling day and night, milking the cum-gushing cocks of IRA bomb throwers and Brit sympathizers alike. Who knows, with a body like this servicing both sides, maybe peace does have a chance.













SEX IN ADVERTISING *(continued from page 34)*

Women across America greeted advertisers' man-as-sex-object approach with open legs.

pencils to candy bars—in every medium. In the 1960s hot babes stopped merely standing around and began talking dirty.

Edie Adams, the first lady of commercial sex, was the first stopper to talk directly to the viewer, vamping through Muriel cigar commercials of the early '60s. These potent spots, with a sultry Adams singing homage to cigar toters everywhere, were the first true product-is-a-link-to-sexual-fulfillment ads. As men panted along with Edie's bumps and grinds, long, sturdy cigars popped up on the screen, in effect saying, "Hey, big spender, spend a little dime on me, and don't forget to whip out your tall, hot stick so I can have a smoke too!" Muriel sales shot up.

(The Muriel pitch was revived with actress Susan Anton hired to do the "big spender" come-on. After initial success, Anton proved disastrous when her intimidating Amazonian stature threatened personal cigars from coast to coast.)

Though a 1962 Brylcreem ad featured the first commercial wet kiss, the next vixen to creep into the mainstream consciousness was the infamous Noxzema girl, a doughy Scandinavian blond temptress who cooed, "Take it off. Take it *all* off." This overt tease became a household catch phrase, and though it has little to do with shaving cream, it was the first uninhibited sexual overture in a television commercial. The permissive '60s had given birth to the hard-on sell.

A Doral cigarettes television commercial featured a buoyant female voice singing, "Taste me, taste me. Come on and taste me," while several dancing cigarettes kicked in unison. While an unsuspecting American public ate that up, Hanes Beautymist put football star Joe Namath into a pair of pantyhose. Though cross-dressing has yet to take its place in hucksterdom, the spot proved the maxim of the day: Sex in advertising was acceptable if it was either disarmed by humor or decorated by familiar whores.

Though these three campaigns were all barrier breakers, they stayed safe within socially acceptable bounds while sexually stimulating the potential buyer. Using a Vegas sex kitten like Edie Adams provocatively didn't upset the moral standard bearers, nor did the Swedish voyeur from Noxzema. ("Europeans are different from us Americans, honey. They're bred for that sort of thing.") A manly footballer in hosiery was still less scandalous than a great-looking tart exposed to the thighs. It took Serta, with their Perfect Sleeper mattress ads of the early '70s, to deaccessorize sex in advertising.

The commercials were simple: Joey Heatherton—everyone's favorite '60s blond bombshell turned '80s scandal-sheet anorexic—dressed in a flimsy negligee, sprawls across a bed while singing, typically off-tune, a jingle about the product. It hid very little. In a continued segment, filmed long after Ms. Heatherton had begun binging and purging, the successor was again Susan Anton. By the time Anton set her box upon Serta's box springs, the outrageousness of the ads had vanished.

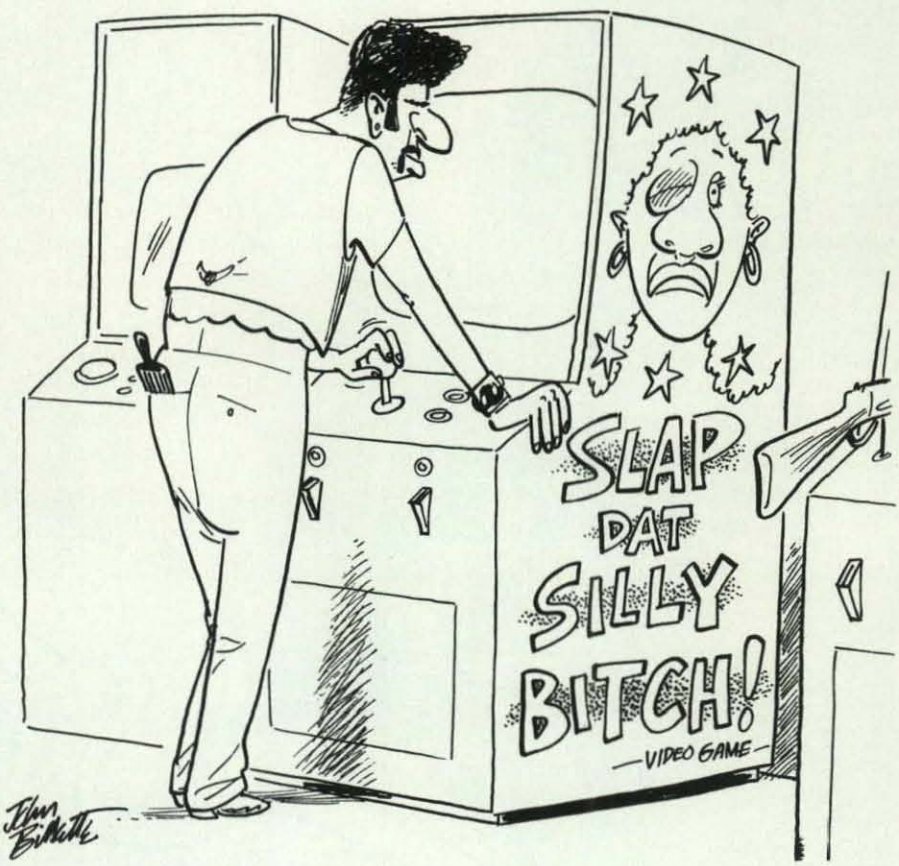
Sex in advertising gradually became more risque and less inhibited. Americans embraced Heatherton's bawdiness; her persona was all sex, but she was an acceptable sex symbol, a kind of America's sweet-tart, a lofty bimbo who traveled with Bob Hope on his USO tour.

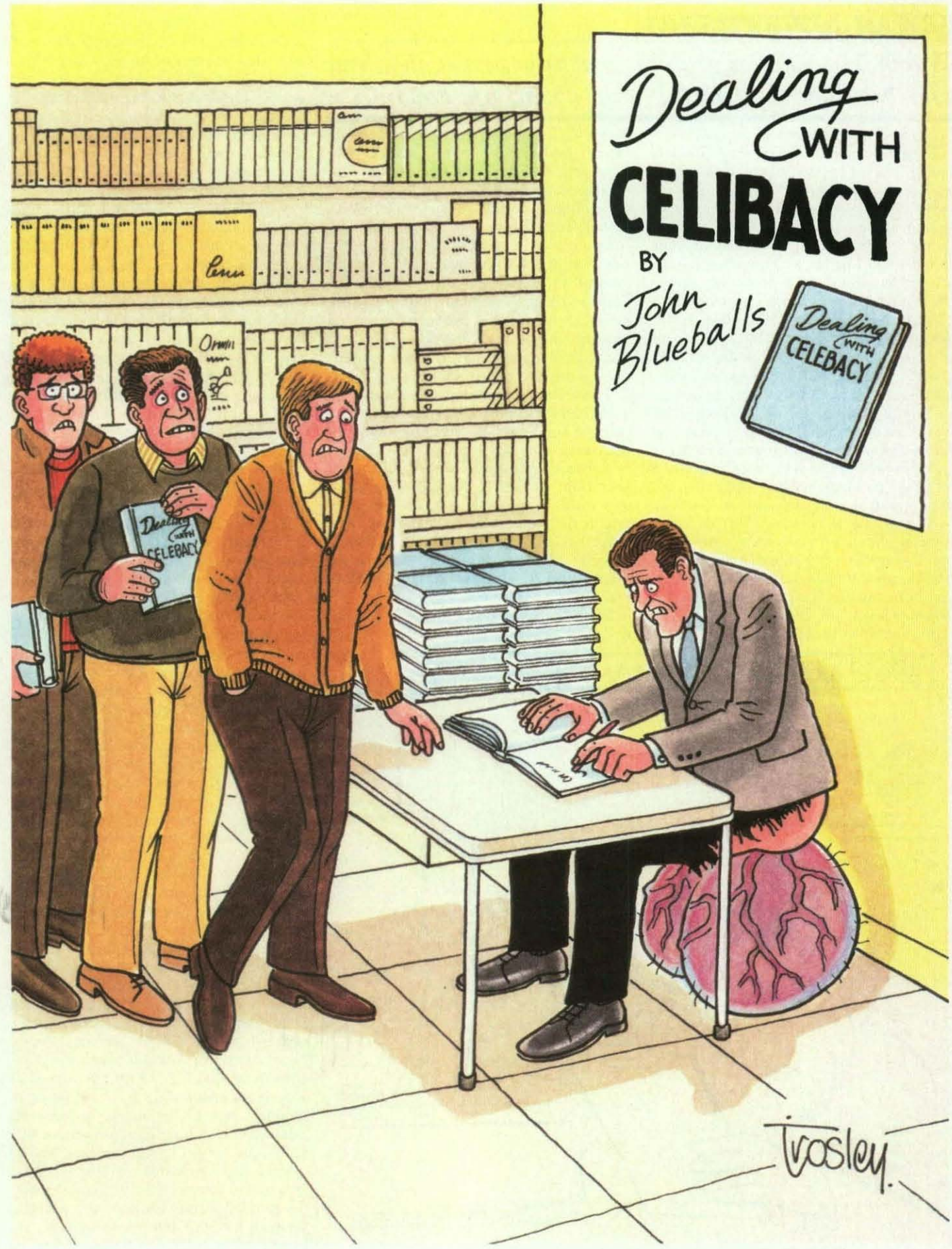
America was less sure about Brooke Shields. Her infamous affirmation, "Nothing comes between me and my Calvins," outraged a guiltily throbbing public. Any attempts at cutesy humor dissolved when the toothsome Shields delivered her line with a leer and a sly grin. In the jeans war, where sex ads are the weapons of choice, Calvin Klein had detonated the equivalent of Hiroshima's atomic blast.

The ad was news, giving the New York-based designer reams of free publicity, though some accused him of pimping. Klein cleaned up, but only financially. He began even more risque ventures, especially in print advertising.

Advertising indulged in a new sexual strategy that combined the dying breaths of the me-generation '70s with an unsettling introduction to the health-crazed, self-obsessed '80s. This unholy mix created a frigid, aerobicized sensuality. In Soloflex gym-equipment ads a robotic Ken doll mechanically manipulates his weight machine to the satisfaction of the only human visible in the ads: himself. This brand of autoerotism also suffuses the Obsession print ads, which invariably display undressed Aryan mannequins prone to vacuous expressions and isolated stances, usually around the vicinity of a pretentious obelisk. Beside this distant humanist void, the Soloflexoid characterized a new facet of today's sex ads—the male bimbo.

Women across America greeted the man-as-sex-object approach with open legs. Market research told advertisers that women not only do most of the shopping, but with the advent of yuppiedom and two-income families, the female was




Dealing WITH
CELIBACY
BY
John Blueballs
Dealing WITH CELEBACY
Trosley

SEX IN ADVERTISING

Watch Mr. Soloflex grab his machine firmly, just him and his mound of metal—up, down, up, down.

bringing home a substantial paycheck.

Empty-headed, seminude male models flooded the airwaves and periodicals, dopey expressions and nubile bodies ready for female consumer castrati. A recent Fab detergent ad features an undressed hunk doing a reverse striptease in an attempt to sell suds. Thanks to changing economic demographics and feminist advances, the male "stopper" is here to stay.

Advertisers broadened their base in the '80s, merging object and orgasm in the product-is-sexual-fulfillment approach. Usually directed at men, these commercials replace mammary with machine, casting technology as the ideal object of lust. Watch Mr. Soloflex grab his machine firmly, yet lovingly, just him and his flawless mound of metal spending the evening together, gyrating, pushing—up, down, up, down—partners in physical satisfaction.

A gorgeous woman in a Toyota commercial glides in front of the camera. A male voice-over explains that such beautiful things make life worth living. But this lusting romantic is actually praising his Toyota Celica. In essence, the car has replaced the woman as the utmost object of desire. To prove it, the man, while pushing the pedal to the metal, gushes, "My new Celica makes my blood pump." Oh, what a feeling indeed.

Of course, Toyota doesn't want you to fuck its automobiles, but articulating legitimate reasons to buy their economy car, over, say, a VW Fox during a 30- or 60-second ad doesn't get the job done. To many advertisers and manufacturers, the tactic of making the product the sexual object is the best way to set it apart from a crowded marketplace where competitors' goods are nearly identical.

The rush to fix a memorable identity on indistinguishable products has created a catfight among denim designers. Beyond the panty lines and voyeur's smorgasbord of standard sex in advertising lie the seedy secretions of Guess Jeans, Calvin Klein and Jordache—it's a regular Freudian vomitorium out there in jeansland. But don't blame the self-proclaimed "artistes," namely Klein's visionary/photog Bruce Weber and fetish-pictorialist Paul Marciano of Guess.

Bruce Weber was the first to use pretentious, art photos with startling sexual themes. The trademark shots are almost always black and white, sometimes tinted with a dried-urine squalor that adds a "sunny" touch to its confusing erotic situations. The Weber/Klein print ads hint at menage a trois, unbuttoned crotches and the aforementioned Aryan torsos, making the sum total quality of Weber's work something of a cross between the Dark Brothers and Immy Reifenstall.

With sleazy snapshots and quasi-homosexual portraits, Weber set a wildly successful trend imitated in unflattering excess by people like Paul Marciano, cofounder and ad director of Guess Jeans. Marciano took the basic Weber premise of black-and-white shots, but added a rural flavor with dust-bowl backgrounds and models possessing an attractive inbred quality—a kind of Appalachian chic. Guess upped the ante by flirting with implications of rape, sadism and pedophilic lesbianism. Besides scandalizing an assortment of women's groups, not to mention the general public, Marciano's steamy campaign had another predictable result: sharply increased sales.

Thaddeus Rutkowski, a managing editor of *Adweek* magazine, admits that in the Guess Jeans ads, "It's not clear what's going on, but some advertisers think shock value's important to get ads noticed." What concerns Rutkowski is the sometimes blurry, sometimes obvious connection between sex and violence in ads. In a report he authored in 1988, Rutkowski focused on several pieces that openly displayed sexual aggression toward women. One of the most notable was a Breil watch print ad that showed a man twisting a woman's head, his hand firmly grasping her chin, as she lies back completely subdued with eyes closed. Atop the photo reads, "How the Swiss express themselves in Italian." Alberto Baccari, a creative director responsible for the ad, told Rutkowski, "I don't believe in violence, but I needed to communicate on the edge. The client had a limited budget, and the ad worked. Sales went up."

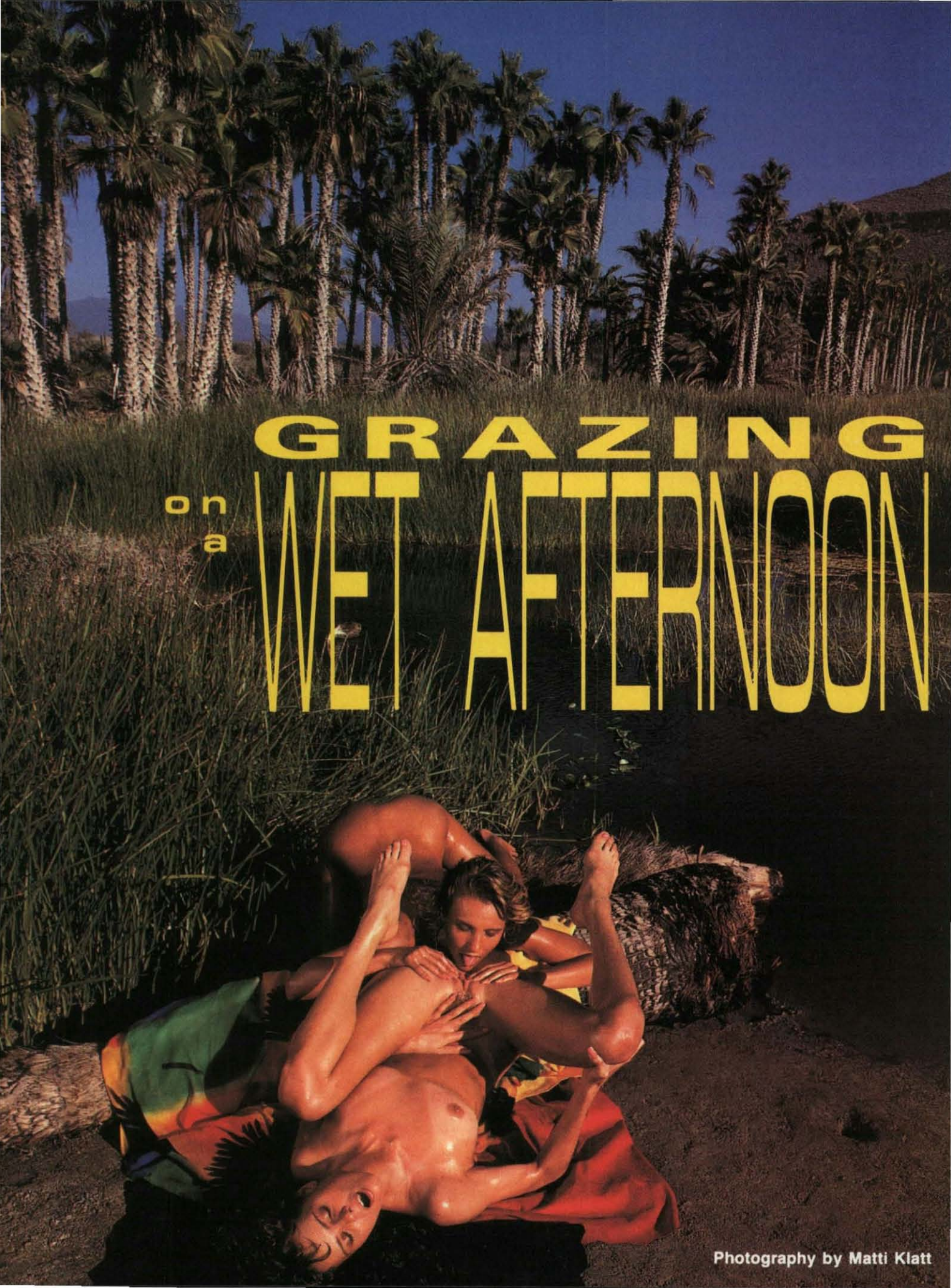
"Mere sex is much more common than violence in advertising," avers Rutkowski. "But sometimes it's hard to psychologically separate sex from violence when women are concerned." He adds that the separation is even more blurred as commercial segments become shorter, and images more fleeting. "With the arrival of 15-second spots and the resulting commercial clutter," he notes, "advertisers might be tempted to use questionable techniques to get their messages heard."

Rutkowski indicates various fine lines advertisers work within. For instance, how do ad men portray the renewed national interest in health and fitness without implying sexuality? When Kellogg's Special

(continued on page 52)



"Breasts, check; wide hips, check; vagina, check; bitch attitude, check. . . ."



Photography by Matti Klatt





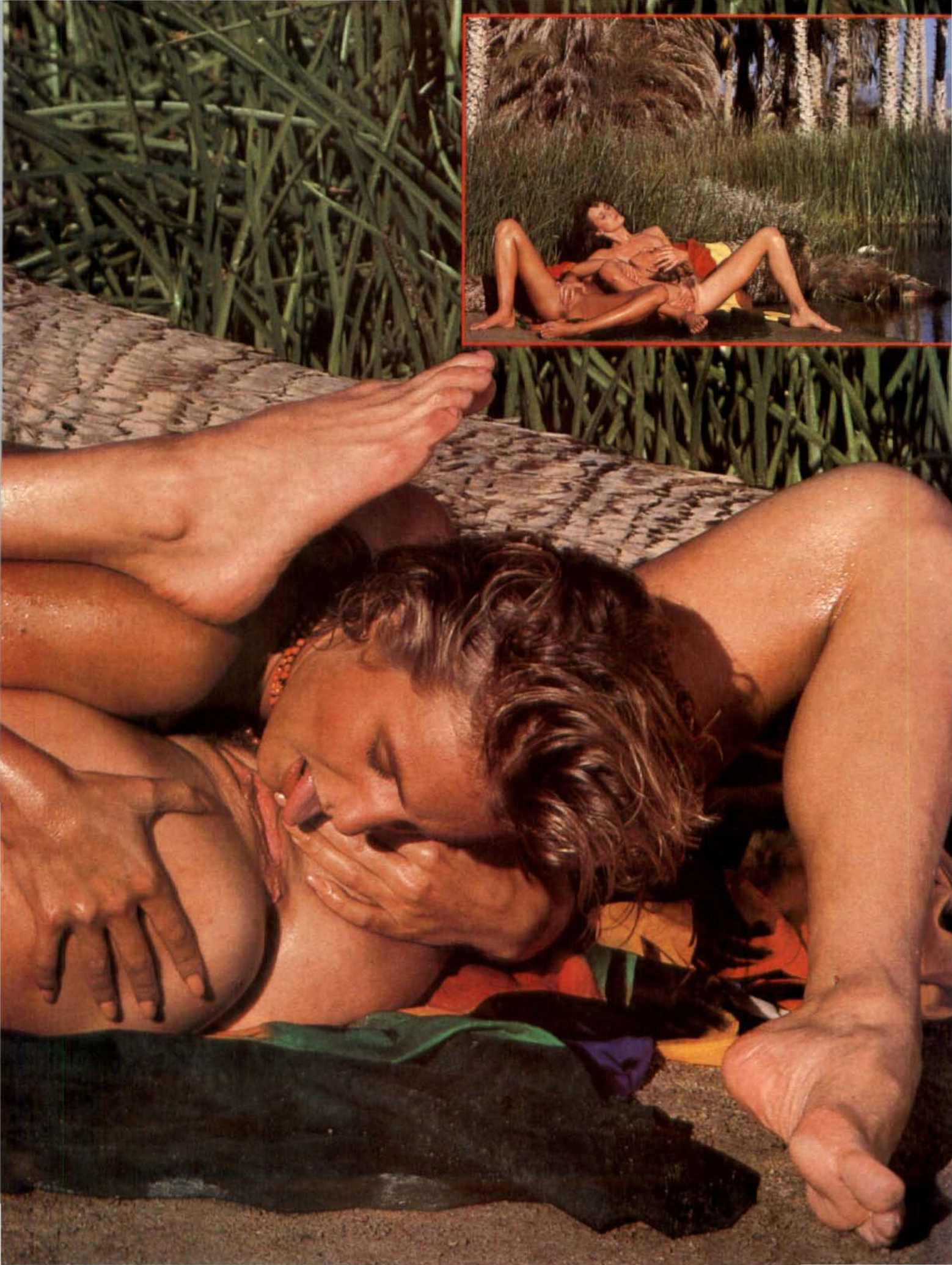




Finally, Tina and Shayne got the day off from the production company to have that long-awaited picnic. Of course, they brought their favorite snack—each other's twats. As dancers in commercials for a beer company, the tarts film countless television ads while stuffed in tiny bikinis, undulating their tight, hard bodies around a sedated, ugly little dog. It's a moist experience for Shayne to watch Tina's taut buns and buoyant hooters shake and grind for scene after scene during a shoot. And Tina can't take her eyes off of the outline of Shayne's throbbing pussy lips poking prominently against her bikini briefs. Between the dog and the girls' dripping wet cunts, the set is full of bitches in heat, and that's why it was a great relief for the two nymphs to dive headfirst into hot clitty on a back-lot lawn. If the spud guzzlers only knew.







SEX IN ADVERTISING (continued from page 44)

Though sex sells beer and shoes, it was a monumental struggle for TV networks to air condom commercials.

K cereal runs a commercial focusing exclusively on a deliciously built female body, while the voice-over preaches nutritional benefits of dry cereal, is it eroticism or simply fitness? Says Rutkowski, "It's completely subjective."

According to ad writer Wayne Winfield, selling should appropriately match the product. Winfield worked on the present print ads for Hyatt Regency Hotels, a campaign that includes a suggestive television commercial featuring a loving couple cavorting in a hotel bed. "The Hyatt ads are sensual," explains Winfield. "What the ads are saying is that Hyatt is a place you want to be, a nice place to spend time with a loved one.

"The Hyatt ads are not like those 'The night belongs to Michelob' ads that imply, 'If I drink Michelob, I'm going to get laid.' We don't promise that. We're saying it's a place to take someone you care about."

Sensual, sexual or otherwise, weekend business has gone up throughout the Hyatt chain since the new ads appeared. Whether you agree with the current trend of fascist photo-frolics and masturbatory imagery, sex in advertising pushes the right buttons. Even when sharply criticized—as in the Guess and Klein spots or the recent Travel Fox shoe ads that feature a side view of a woman straddling a man while both are wearing only tennis shoes—business increases dramatically.

All this success seems to invalidate the claims of Wilson Bryan Key's book *Subliminal Seduction*. Key's basic premise was that advertisers were concealing pornographic images and slogans in seemingly harmless pictures of everything from martini glasses to family outings. One look at any contemporary magazine or a few hours of television illustrates that to hide the sex is to miss the point.

Advertisers have managed to feature sex prominently and openly in a squeamish, diverse American mainstream culture. But, though sex is used to sell beer and shoes, it was a monumental struggle for the major TV networks to air condom commercials. Sex is never used to sell condoms in TV ads. Gidgety bimbos have been running around in bikinis for decades on the tube; it was only last year that Playtex finally was allowed to show a *live* woman in a bra.

Some ad people don't like to talk about it. Joyce Harrington of New York's American Association of Advertising Agencies actually claimed, "I don't know if it [sex in advertising] exists." Moral watchdog groups like the National Coalition on Television Violence and the American Family Association don't pay sex ads too much attention, nor could they think of anybody who monitors lascivious ad content.

Which is why advertisers might someday be doing ads not unlike the ones in the back of this magazine. As senior ad writer Tim Bayless gamely puts it, "We haven't got away with anything yet."



"Ah, I see you were a TV evangelist. That qualifies you for our management training program!"

SEX IN ADVERTISING '80s STYLE
The Ten Schlockiest, Sleaziest Ad Campaigns of the Decade
(in no particular order)

1) **Calvin Klein**: A bimbofest of ludicrous print and TV spots that started with babbling Brooke Shields in jeans, and now includes Obsession ads and the new Eternity campaign.

2) **Guess Jeans**: Pseudo-arty, grainy photos that imply every kink imaginable.

3) **Jordache Jeans**: Hopelessly stupid "real life" vignettes introducing the Jordache teenager, the personification of the designer-jean adolescent who's bursting with uncontrollable sexual angst while struggling with a single-digit IQ.

4) **Soloflex/health clubs**: Complimenting the torturously long Soloflex ads with Mr. Musclehead are an endless array of professional hard-bodies, such as Cher, Sheena Easton and Heather Locklear, who pitch for local spas by shaking their asses in an orgy of self-adoration, not fitness.

5) **Club Med**: Paradise as a whorehouse.

6) **Van Heusen shirts**: Where a parade of amiable sluts wear the conqueror's shirts like trophies. "And he might not get it back," each taunts. Especially shameless is the segment with a prepubescent girl in the shirt. Daddy's little plaything?

7) **More cigarettes**: "How can you smoke something that long?" he asks. "Slowly, with great pleasure," she answers. Are they selling their improbably long cigarettes or fellatio—or both?

8) **Fiber Trim**: While envying Mom's figure, little girls learn obsessive behavior and prepare for a life of eating disorders.

9) **Pillsbury**: Poppin Fresh, the Pillsbury Dough Boy, looks harmless enough as the perennial muffin mascot, but why are they poking him, and why does he enjoy it so much?

10) **Singapore Airlines**: "Singapore girl, you're a great way to fly," goes the jingle. Why not just, "Asian girls are an easy fuck"?



"Oh, sure, what do you care? You're blind!"



Julianne

UP AND COMING

Some girls grow up wanting to be nurses or stewardesses. Not Julianne. When she grew up and saw what kind of body she had, she knew what she wanted to be: the hottest fuck around. Julianne wants to break into porn films and be the next Ginger Lynn. It's a tall order, but this blond fuck doll appears to have the right equipment for the job: a pair of firm cupcakes with chewable, cherry-ripe nipples; a full, tight ass; and a hot-pink slit that begs to be speared. But more than that, she has the desire. One look at her pouty expression and longing eyes and you know she's ready to take you all night, four different ways at least. The future looks bright indeed for this ambitious nymph.



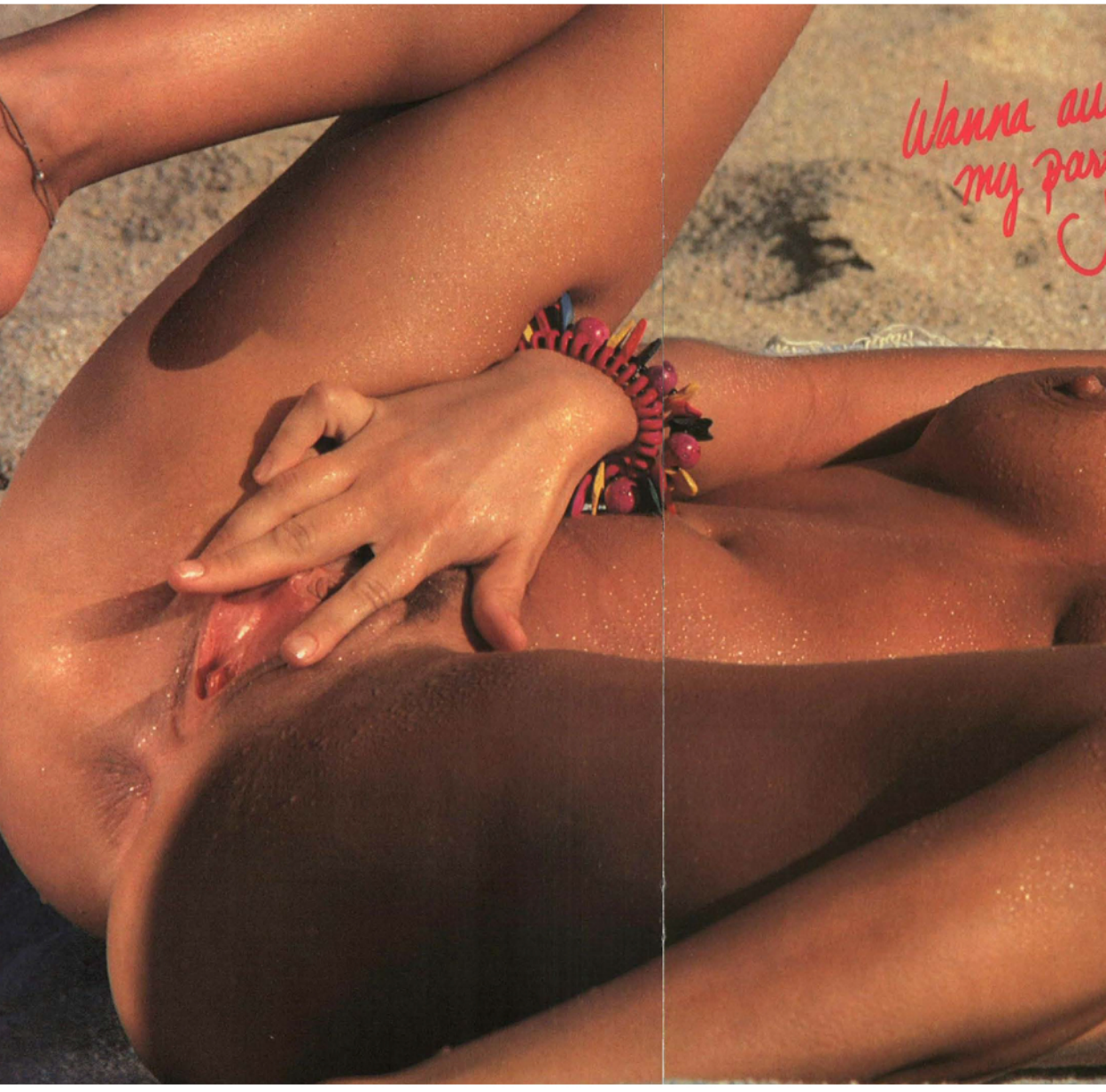


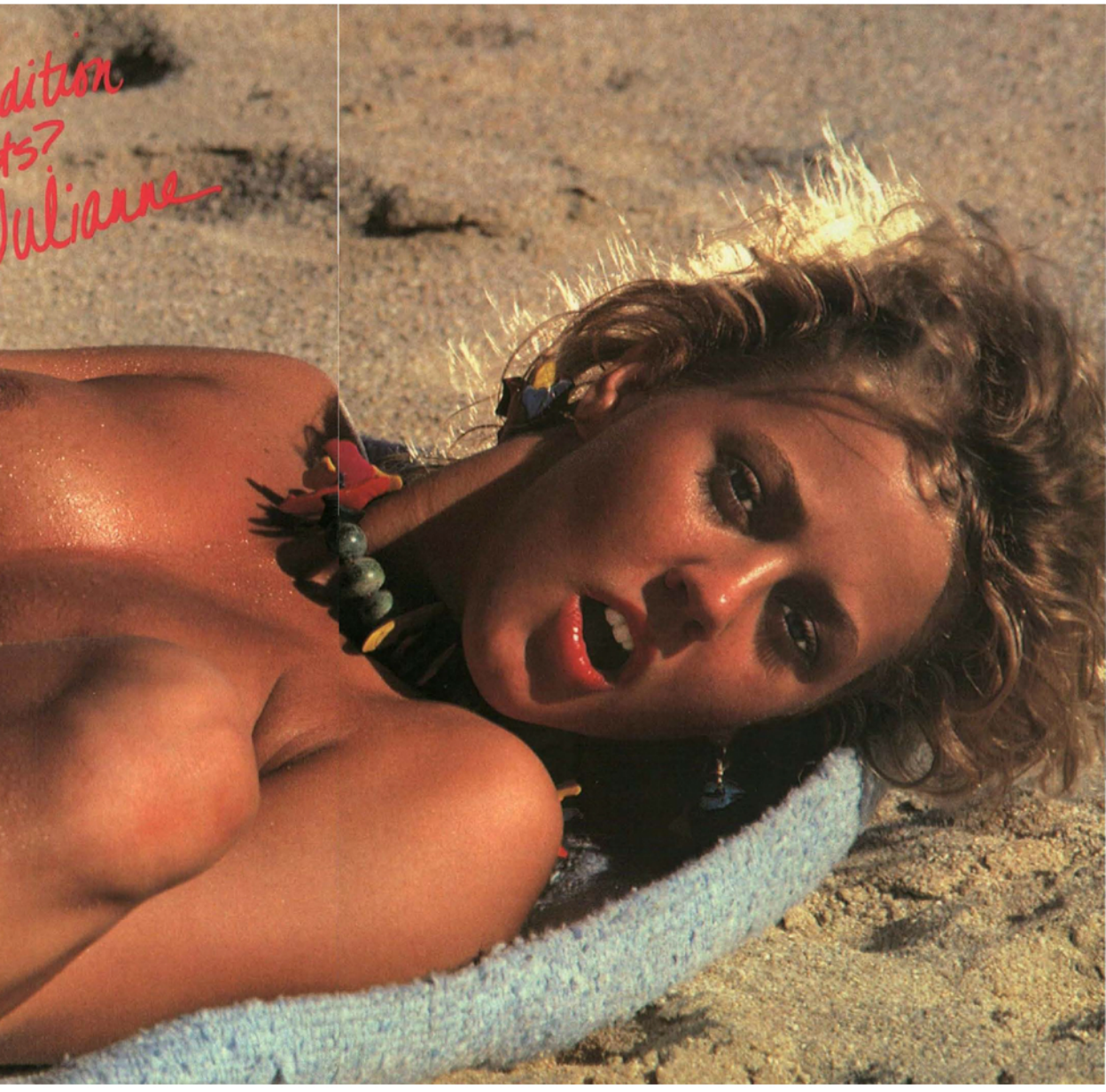




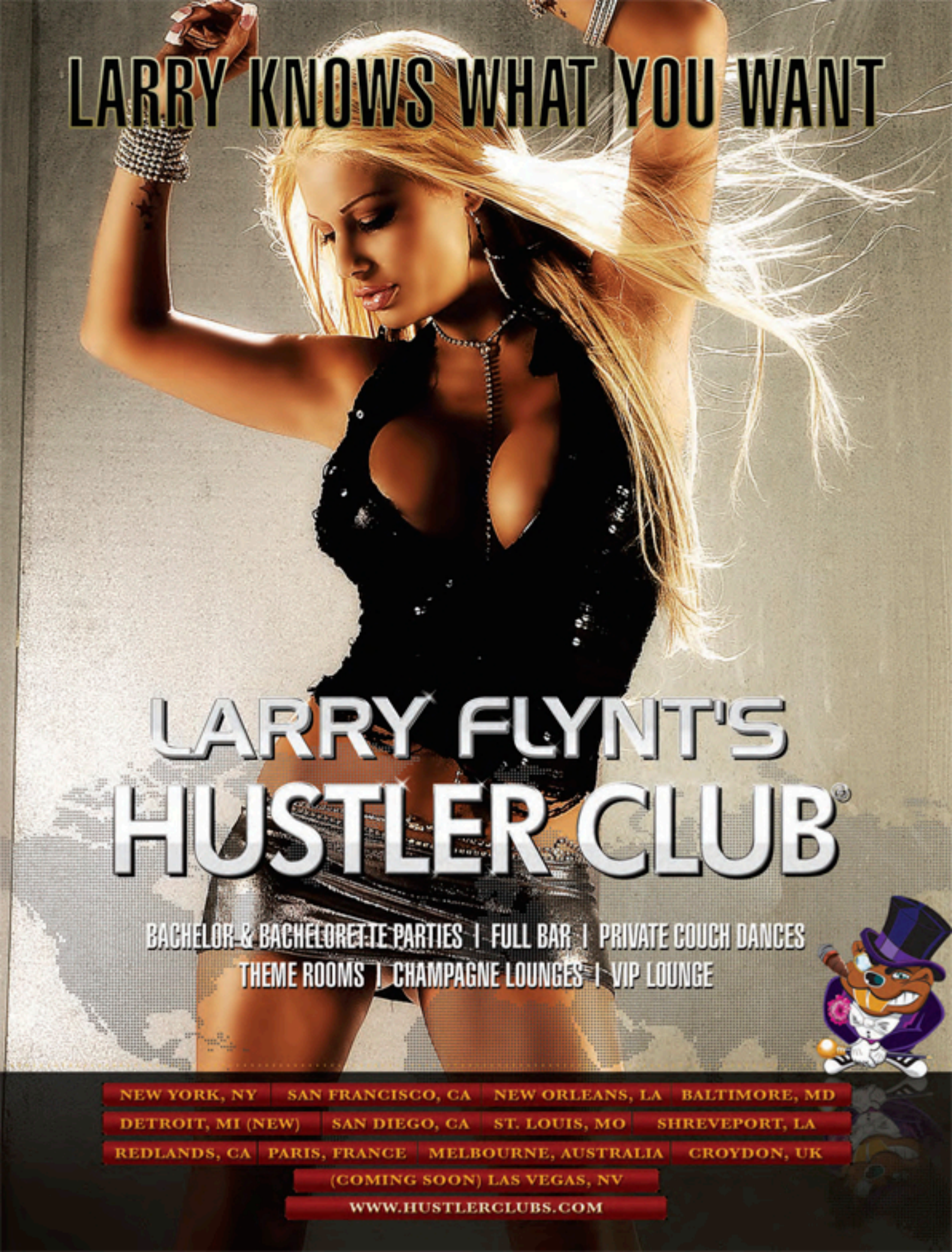




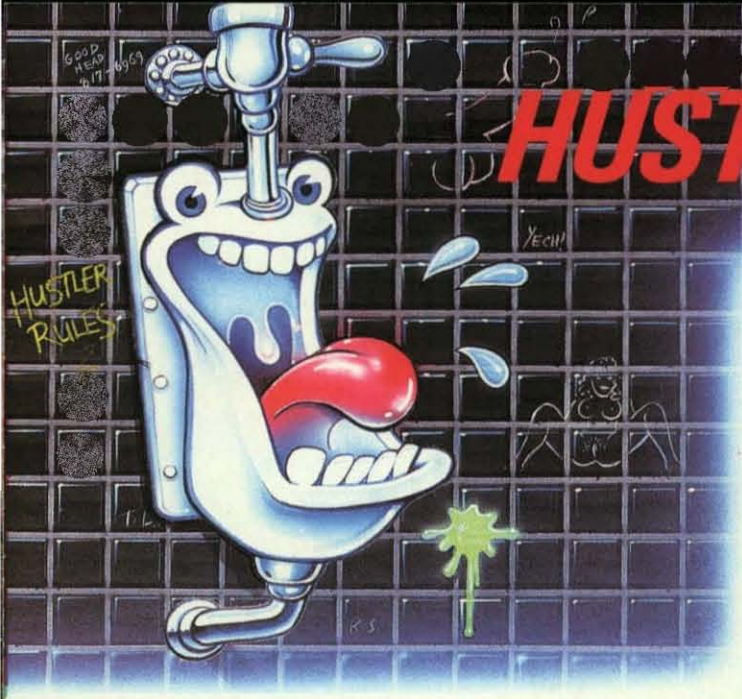

Wanna au
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Julianne




LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT
LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB®
BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE
NEW YORK, NY
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
NEW ORLEANS, LA
BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI (NEW)
SAN DIEGO, CA
ST. LOUIS, MO
SHREVEPORT, LA
REDLANDS, CA
PARIS, FRANCE
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
CROYDON, UK
(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV
WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

HUSTLER HUMOR



Two politicians decided to put aside their differences and go deer hunting. Deep in the woods, one stumbled on a rock and accidentally shot the other. In a panic, he dragged the wounded man ten miles back to the car, then sped to the nearest hospital. An hour later, a doctor came out of surgery. "I'm sorry, I couldn't save him," he told the waiting man. "You did well to get him here so fast. But," he added, shaking his head sadly, "you shouldn't have gutted him first."

Question: What do you get when you mix a Mexican with a Polack?
Answer: Someone who spray-paints graffiti on a chain-link fence.

Three soldiers in a foxhole were talking. "You know," one said, "I can put ten beer cans on my cock when it's hard."

"So, big deal," the second said. "I can lay 11 silver dollars along mine when it's hard."

"Thirteen blackbirds can perch on mine when it's hard," boasted the third. Just then, the enemy opened fire. Bullets whizzed overhead and mortar rounds began exploding within feet of their position.

"I gotta tell the truth," the first terrified GI shouted above the din. "I can only get three beer cans on my cock when it's hard."

"To be honest," the second admitted, "I can only lay three silver dollars on mine when it's hard."

"Okay, okay," the third screamed after a thunderous explosion, "the 13th blackbird has to stand on one foot!"

Responding to a call of a gang rape in progress, a policeman arrived just in time to see a man jump on a motorcycle and speed away. Upon seeing this, the male victim jumped to his feet, ran to the police car and screamed, "Stop that man! Stop that man!"

The officer asked, "Was he one of the men that raped you?"

"Hell, no. It was his turn!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *crack dealer* as: a pimp.

Doctor: "I'm afraid I have some good news and some bad news, Miss Williams."

Miss Williams: "Well, give me the good news first, Doc."

Doctor: "Your lab tests came back today, and your crabs are all gone."

Miss Williams: "Gee, that's great! But what's the bad news?"

Doctor: "We don't know what killed them."

Explaining to his doctor that his sex life wasn't all it could be, Harold asked for a pill that would make him get it up for his wife. It happened that the doctor had just the right medication; so Harold took a pill and drove home. But when he got to the apartment, his wife wasn't at home, and after waiting for an hour or so in gnawing discomfort, Harold finally had to jerk off. When the doctor called to check the next day, Harold explained what had happened.

"Well, gee, Harold, you didn't have to do yourself," his doctor said. "There are other women in the building."

"Doctor," said Harold, "for other women I don't need a pill."

Question: What do you call a homosexual in a sleeping bag?
Answer: A fruit roll-up.

Tina was talking with her friend Linda, telling her all about an unpleasant incident with a man the night before. "What happened then?" asked Linda.

"The creep called me a bimbo," Tina answered.

"So what did you do?"

"I told him to get out of my bedroom and take his six friends with him."

A priest at the Vatican was looking out a window when he saw Jesus Christ coming up the front steps. In great excitement the priest ran to the Pope's room and said, "Your Holiness, you'll never believe this, but Jesus Christ Himself is coming up the front steps! He'll be here any second!"

"Quick," said the Pope, jumping up, "look busy."

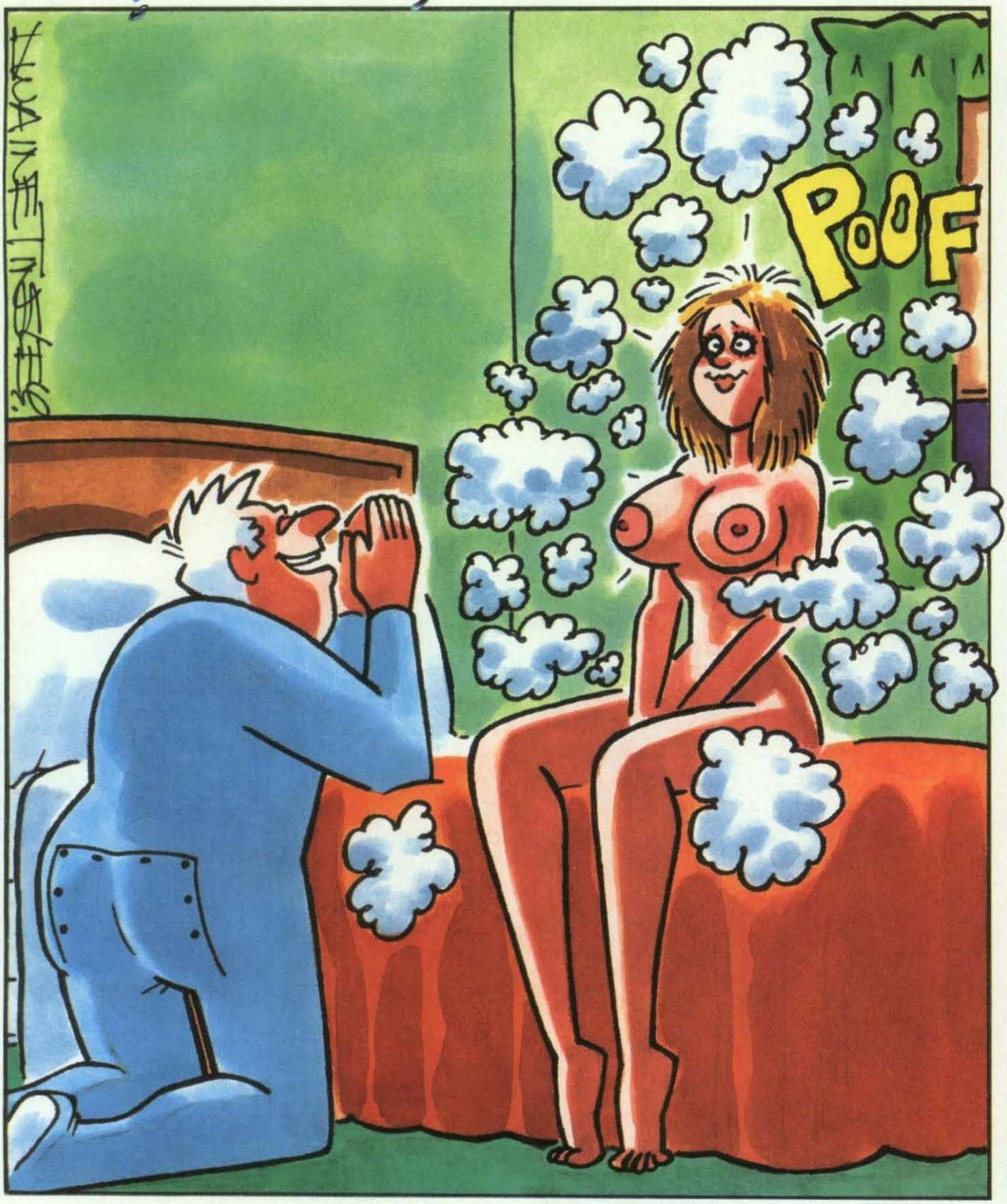
A man called the dentist's office and said, "Doc, I've got an emergency. While my wife and I were out, my son was kissing his girlfriend and got his braces locked."

"No problem," the dentist said, "I have to unlock teenagers' braces all the time."

"But from an IUD?"

HUSTLER Humor *jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" × 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to* HUSTLER Humor, *9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.*

Chester the M.O'Lester



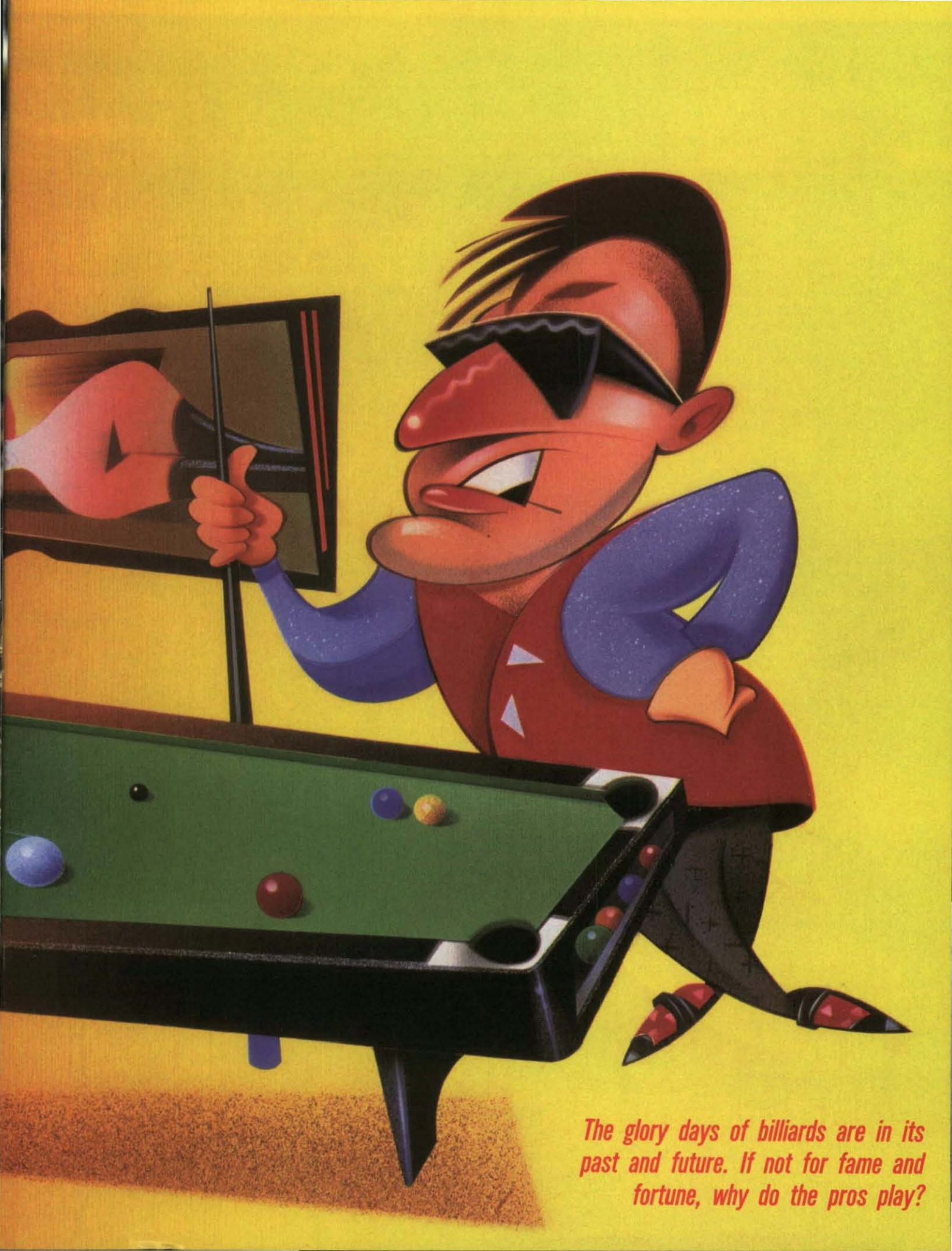
"Thank you, Lord. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!"

FELT UP

Turning the Tables on the Old Sport of Billiards

Tournament Report by Allan MacDonell





The glory days of billiards are in its past and future. If not for fame and fortune, why do the pros play?

FELT UP

The shooters stalk the tables with a predatory patience. Sniper eyes track helpless targets.

There are two kinds of people in the world: those who have a clue, and those who will travel to Cleveland, Ohio, at the end of August.

I arrive at the Bond Court Hotel, one late-August afternoon in Cleveland, Ohio, to attend the 1988 World Straight Pool Championship, being held in the hotel's not-so-grand ballroom. Also descending upon the Bond Court, situated strategically across the street from a National Guard recruiting center, are several cadres of flak-vested, tattooed, jump-booted, flint-eyed men of approximately Dan Quayle's age, in town for a reunion of Vietnam veterans.

The vets police the lobby, in alcohol-fueled packs.

"Where were you in Vietnam?"

"Geez, I was in high school. Gimme a break."

A man in a polo shirt and green sans-a-belt slacks strides through nostalgic platoons toward an elevator bank. He clutches an ostrich-skin cue case. Never happier to see someone in white patent-leather shoes, I travel in his wake, following him onto an empty elevator. Two beer-can-equipped vets, their T-shirts emblazoned FIREBASE CLEVELAND, sidle in as the door slides shut. The vets converse in a private jargon full of *Lurps, motherfuckers and beans, clicks* and *busting caps.* Engrossed in this recondite exchange, they exit with white shoes and myself at the sixth floor.

A group of men in unmatched tuxedos, smoking and chatting affably, their active eyes taking in everything evenly, without surprise or comment, stand outside the ballroom entrance. A few carry cue cases with the easy aplomb of old-time gangsters toting violins.

"What's this?" asks one of the displaced Viet vets, clasping his buddy's shoulder and pointing toward the clutch of tuxedos. "A maitre d' convention?"

Actually these men, adjusting their cummerbunds and bow ties, shoes shined to a gleam, are among the top pool players in the world today.

• • •

The solemn hush in the Bond Court's ballroom is evocative of a funeral, only there is no dead body. Several chauffeurs in full formal livery, having nothing better to do before starting limos on that slow, cemetery-bound procession, shoot quiet games of pool on felt more green and even-napped than the manicured lawns of their destinations. The eight tables, each with a fluorescent lamp hanging overhead, are in two tidy rows of four, arrayed with the neat precision of individual plots in a well-kempt family boneyard.

Spectators for the Thursday night opening-round matches, scattered in wooden bleachers sloping up from two sides of the rectangle enclosing the tables, exchange deferential whispers. Above the muffled drone is the squeak of chalk on cue tip, the light click of impacting balls and the inveterate thud and dump of made shots dropping into pockets.

The shooters stalk the tables with a predatory patience, annoyed and surprised to see the balls sitting so insolently out in the open, or hiding cravenly behind their fellows. Sniper eyes—calculating distance, trajectory, projectile speed—track helpless targets. The shooters lean forward, aim, fire: *click, plop.*

The referees intone a somber litany.

"Nine ball." *Thud.*

"Three ball." *Thud.*

"Fourteen ball." *Thud.*

"Score 27 for Mr. Whitt."

"Safety. . . . Safety allowed."

"Five ball, side pocket." *Thud.*

"Safety. . . . Fault."

"A hand for Mr. Rempe on a run of 50."

The object of 14.1 continuous straight pool is to hit 150 balls into the holes. Stripes, solids, high or low numbers are of no account. The last remaining ball of each rack, the *break ball*, is left on the table as the other 14 balls are reracked. The cue ball is fired from its last position, with the intention of sinking the break ball, caroming off and scattering the racked balls.

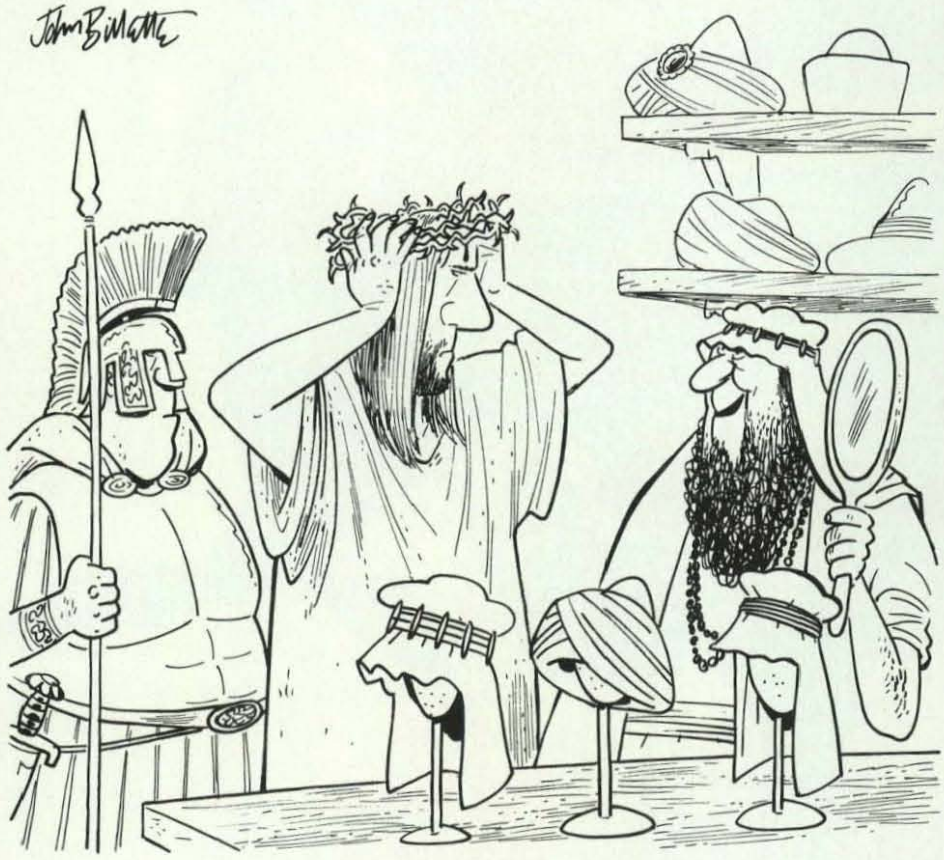
Every shot does more than one thing. A good shot gets a ball into a hole, nicks another ball into position and brings the cue ball around in an easy line with yet another target. Continuous straight pool demands more technique than most other forms of table billiards, especially more than 9-ball, a game requiring primarily luck and the ability to make shots. However, 9-ball, with its explosive breaks, has become the more popular game.

The sparse crowd gives a sedate but sincere hand for Mr. Rempe's run of 50.

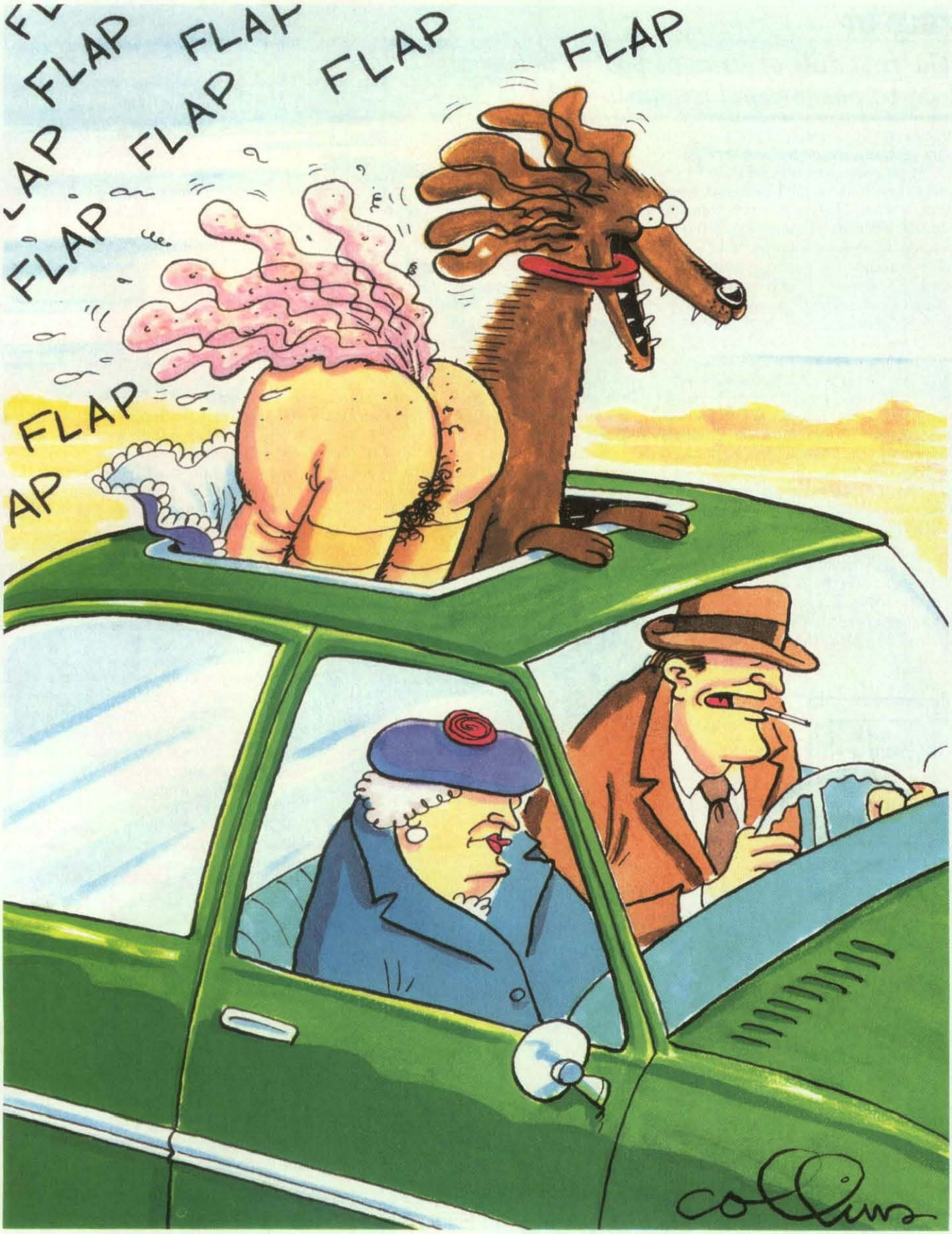
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"This is a great game for spectators, innit?" quips whip-thin Mike Sigel, stroking his thin mustache, rubbing his thin, angular nose. Sigel interrupts his running commentary to pocket yet another ball. "It's the most boring game ever invented. . . .unless maybe a guy's running balls."

Sigel's broadcast-quality personality and near-flawless pool ability place him among the handful of players who may get fat off the game. Coming into Cleveland with 86



"Oh. . . it's definitely you!"



"That dog and your mother are driving me crazy!"

FELT UP

The first rule of straight pool is never miss. Players lead by phenomenal amounts—133 to 21—and lose.

major tournament wins, a player-rep contract with Brunswick tablemakers, and an ESPN-pleasing motor-mouth, Sigel is certainly this championship's most celebrated contestant. He is rumored to command $10,000 per match from private gamblers, but, like most top pool pros, Mike is careful to antedate his wagering past beyond the IRS's statute of limitations.

"Ain't I a smart guy?" he snaps after dogging, for him, an easy shot.

Picking up a cue in his early teens, Sigel was on the road playing for money from the time he was old enough to get a driver's license. "I was 15 or 16 years old; it's all new to me. I would go into a strange town and see if somebody wanted to play $20 9-ball. They knew I was a good player right off the bat. I would never go in and play bad and then play good. I'd get killed doing that.

"They'd get the town champion, whoever that was. I wouldn't play maybe 100%; I'd play maybe 80%. Most of the time, playing guys on the road, they can't win."

At 21, Mike won his first major tournament, the 1974 U.S. Open. This milestone victory heralded the low point of his career. From ages 21 to 24, Sigel sat at home in Rochester, New York, broke, not knowing what to do with himself. There were no tournaments, and the traveling was over. "People in every poolroom around the country knew who I was. 'Watch out for a thin, left-handed kid.' When I walked in, they immediately knew."

Sigel's salvation came in the form of an invitation to move to Baltimore and do wood-working for Joss cues. The people at Joss had a line on the pool scene around the country. In the past ten years, since hooking up with Joss, Sigel has become one of the sport's hottest commodities, winning more tournaments than any other player in history.

Today, Sigel again spends a lot of time traveling, traversing the country for Brunswick. "They pay me a salary. I endorse their tables; I do exhibitions for them; their dealers use me in some advertising."

Though exhibitions take him to Europe and Japan, does the charm of doing trick shots and playing spectators in challenge games ever wear thin? As he's banking the 9 ball on a rural Brunswick table and kibitzing in front of an awestruck crowd of local yokels, does Mike ever yearn for the thrill of his formative hustling days?

"All those gambling guys are broke. That kind of money, it seems like it's not real money. When you win it, you lose it just as fast.

"When I was doing it, it wasn't gambling. I had way the best. Now everybody knows how you play; so the games are handicapped almost dead even. There's no sense in doing that. I may as well go to a casino."

"Who's the man to beat in this tournament?"

"Me."

"What makes you so good?"

"I consistently run out the games when the heat's on. That's the difference. The other players don't do it a lot of times."

* * *

The first rule of straight pool is *never miss*. Players lead by phenomenal amounts—133 to 21—and lose. In the 1980 World Tournament, Jim "King James" Rempe ran 100 balls in his first shot of two final playoff games, and lost both. Every time a player sits down, he knows he may not shoot again.

"Better miss. I'm gettin' tired over here," bemoans a contender, sidelined by a simple mistake. He missed. "My rump's going to sleep."

His cheeks have a long nap ahead of them.

By Friday night shooters are being eliminated. Contestants enter the arena warily, wielding cue cases like gladiators flexing their sword arms, eyes moving to the right and left. Competition remains courteous, friendly even—this is, after all, a fraternity—but cutthroat. Very few players are smiling when they lose their position at the table. Distributed evenly about the room, eight men in formal wear pointedly do not fidget with their idle cues, feigning indifference as their counterparts run balls. Some players bend and writhe, agonizing over botched shots. Others glare stolidly ahead. Through all is the *click* and *thump* of pocketed balls and the maddening squeak of chalk on cue tip.

Lou "Machine Gun" Butera, who at 51 remembers playing in tournaments where referees wore white gloves to rack the balls, waves his cue as a ball skids out of line. A look of aggravated agitation pops Lou's facial features. He throws his cue in the air, catches it and smiles as though he'd rather spit. With all this activity, Lou maintains a restrained air.

"It's a beautiful game, the most beautiful game in the world," declares Butera.

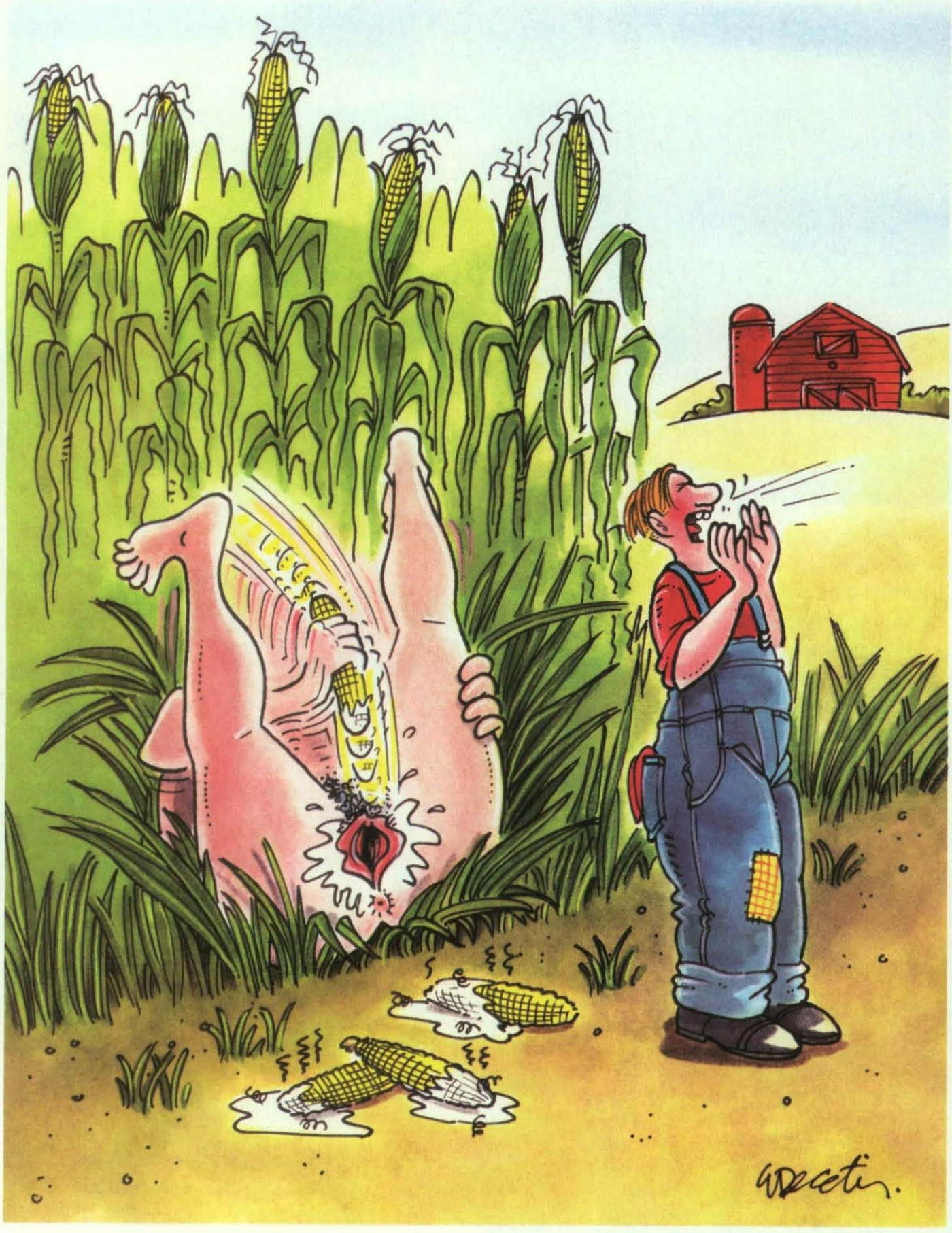
Shooters mutter to themselves, mutter at the balls, walk back and forth around the tables, wave voodoo hand gestures at recalcitrant balls.

Pool veteran Dallas West, who has a

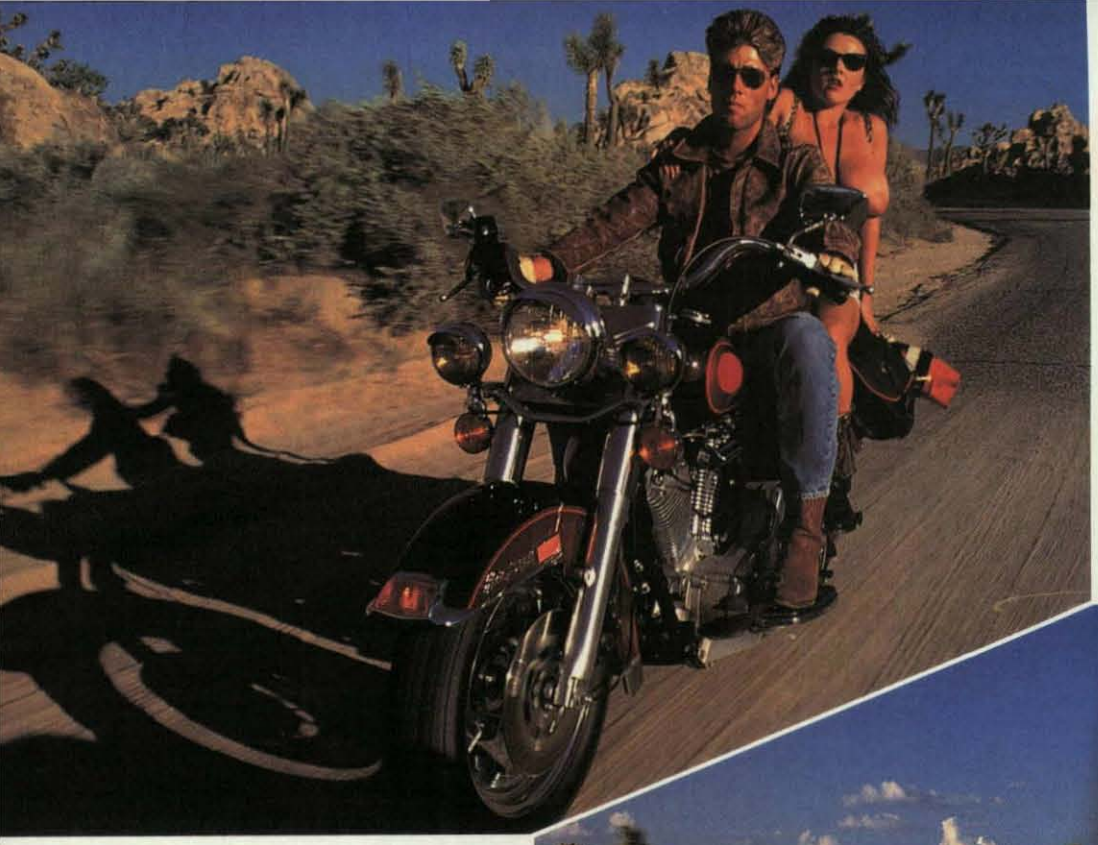
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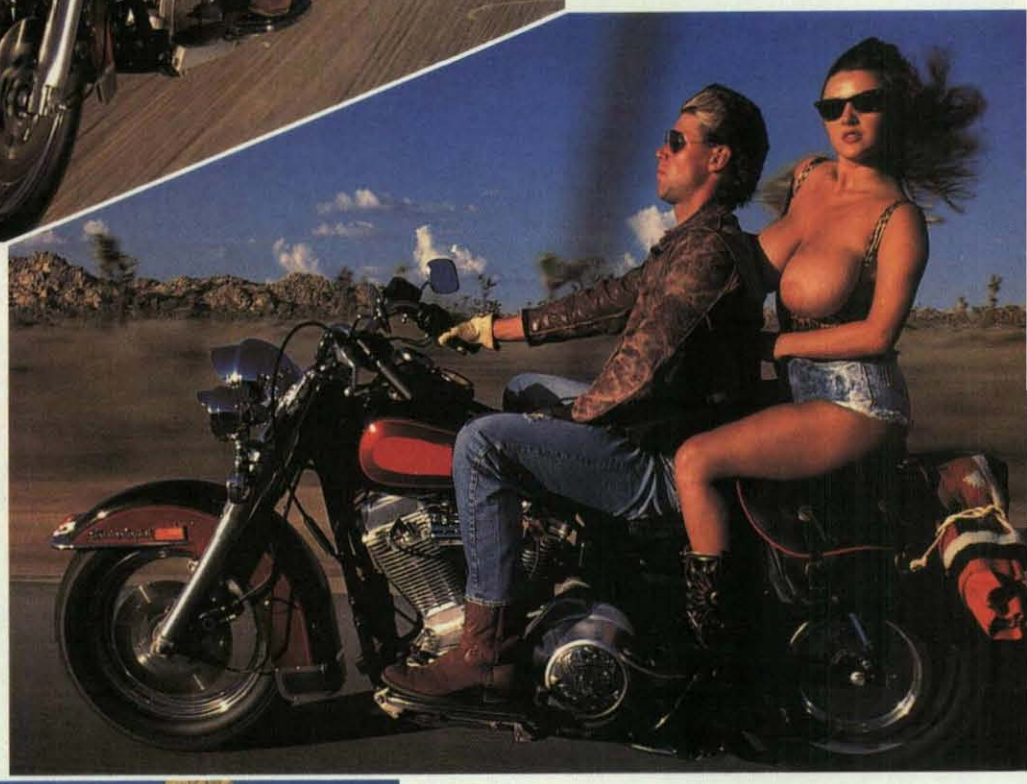
"I've tried flowers, poetry, romantic music, liquor, and she still won't put out!"



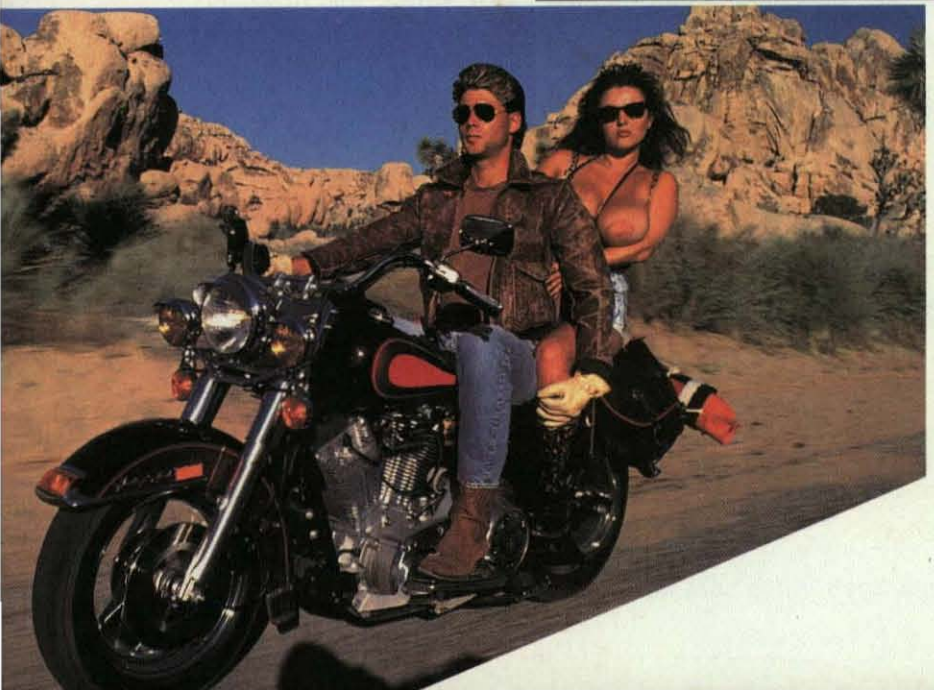
"Hey, Pa! Emma Sue's in the corn patch again!"



Biker Mad Dog Elliot has but one credo: Live to ride, ride to live, and do a lot of tit-fucking in between. That's why Mad Dog blew a sprocket when he saw the mega-mammed mama at the tit contest, which she won hands-down.



He got so excited, he grabbed her and hit the road before she could put a shirt on. With passing motorists thinking Harley-Davidson had installed air bags for passengers, Mad Dog found a spot where he could lay some meat to this glandular goddess.



After giving her the pet name Bitch With the Huge Tits, the leathery biker went to work, chewing, slapping, pulling and sucking on her chest monsters. Then Mad Dog knelt at the temple of cunt for a mouthful of scooter gash, while the busty biker babe sucked the exhaust out of his pipe. This is one ol' lady Mad Dog will keep for a while. Some guys just know what they want out of life.


DANGEROUS
curves
AHEAD
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT







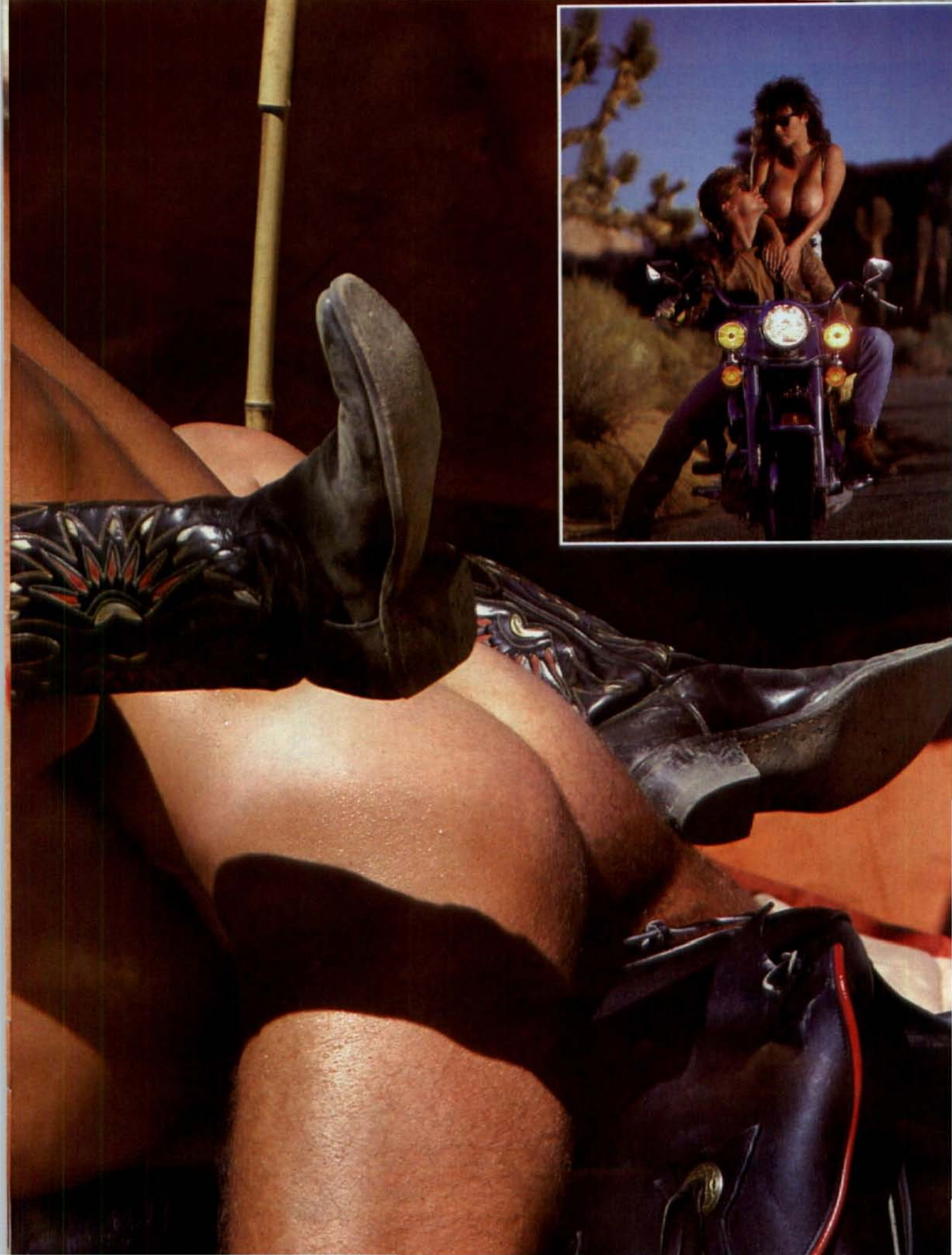












FELT UP *(continued from page 70)*

"It's remarkable how many people want to lose," reveals Grady. "They don't know it, but they do."

high run of more than 400 balls, sits with his fingers in front of his eyes. A 104-ball run by his opponent, Rempe, is announced. Dallas looks down at the floor.

Butera, with his glowering eyes, seems to be always on the verge of saying something biting. "When we were in Japan," reveals Caroline Butera, Lou's wife of 31 years, "they took photos of him while he was playing, and they wouldn't show them because they thought it was an evil look."

A ball hangs over the pocket lip. Lou glares at the ball. The ball drops.

West puts on his riverboat-gambler tux jacket as Rempe is four away from the win. Dallas unscrews his cue, puts it in its case and sits back down.

* * *

"I could [pretend to] be a hairdresser, a real-estate salesman, anything I wanted to be," drawls Grady Matthews, his low, slow voice accompanied by a lazy smile as he remembers 25 years of earning his living solely with a pool stick and his wits. "My name's been known in big gamblers' circles all my life; so I've always had pretty extensive disguises."

A consummate pool hustler of his time, Matthews crisscrossed the country in the '60s and '70s, driving from town to town with a full bag of gambits, the least of which were wigs with fake mustaches and beards dyed to suit any occasion.

"Big cities are good places to stay away from," discloses Matthews in regard to pool hustling. "The guys there are smart. They play good pool, and they don't want to lose a lot of money. They'll do things to you, put something in your drink and rob you."

Early in his exploits, Matthews was robbed of $2,000 in Detroit, Michigan, and made it back to his then-home in Oklahoma City with "no money, no wallet, no nothing." Just his wits and a pool stick.

More typically, Matthews would park his brand-new Cadillac, with its out-of-state plates, a few blocks from a middle-American poolroom. He would step in, run a few balls, miss some shots.

"To hustle," confides Matthews, "you've got to do two things: let them know you've got money and make them think you can't play good."

Perhaps he would cash a check, drawn on a local bank under an assumed name, establishing a locale and identity other than that of a renowned pool shark.

"You've got to look different than you really do, and stand different, talk different and play different. The wig made it all the harder, more so than not wearing glasses.

"I might say, 'I don't usually play this bad.' Sort of soften it up a little for when I played better."

Running only one or two balls at a time, Grady drove paying opponents crazy, coming out the winner ostensibly by luck, the loser eager to bet another game and win some of his money back.

"It's remarkable how many people want to lose," reveals Grady. "They don't know it, but they do."

Grady misses the gambling action, acknowledging that the biggest change in today's cue-stick wizards is a reliance on tournaments and sponsorships rather than bet matches for a livelihood. One of the last holdouts among the top players, Matthews has only been playing tournaments regularly for the past five years. He wins his share, but tourneys are contrary to his double-or-nothing style and have made his face all the more infamous among the sporting public. Although he wouldn't change anything about his life, other than meeting his third wife prior to the first two, Grady sometimes wishes he'd never started playing tournaments.

* * *

Allen Hopkins practices three or four hours a day for about two weeks prior to a tournament. The best thing would be competition, somebody close to his "speed" to put pressure on him; in the tournament he would be accustomed to the stress. Unfortunately, only two or three players in the country fit into Hopkins's form, and they don't come through town to play him.

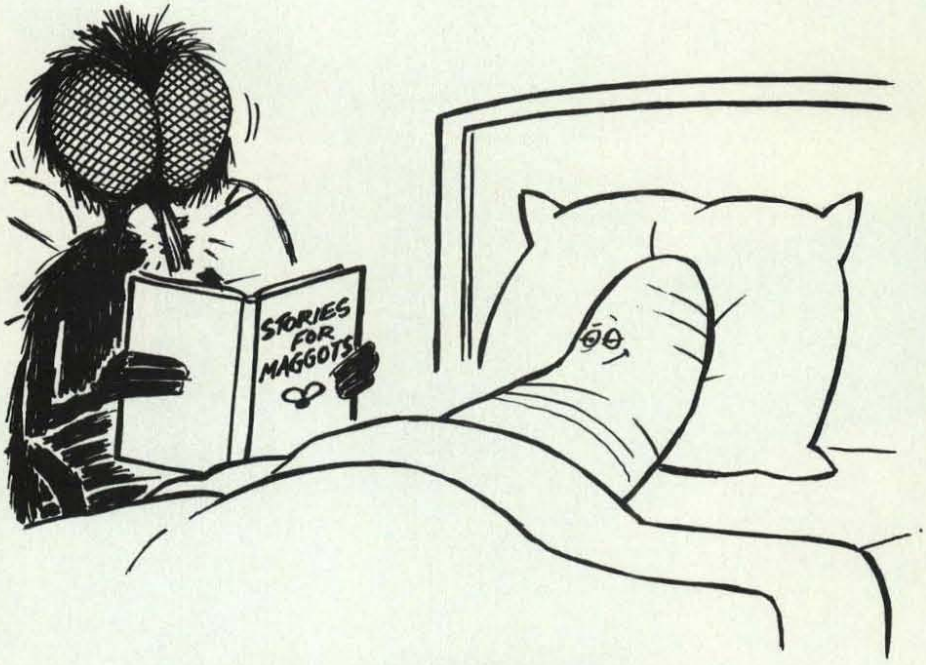
"That's where going on the road was so good," reminisces Hopkins. "You were always playing under pressure. I stopped doing that, and it took away ten to 15% from my game.

"Hustling is how you become a good player. You go away and play on different equipment and go in strange surroundings. When I was 18, 19, 21, everywhere I went, I always learned from someone. As you're beating them, you learn."

Bearded, medium height and build, with easy eyes and a calm, reasoned speaking manner, Hopkins, at 36, has been hitting spheres into holes for 29 years, starting at seven with a checker-pool board. His first time on a real pool table, Allen ran ten balls, knowing nothing of the game. Natural ability and hard practice refined his game into a money-making proposition. For eight years he supported a wife and kid by going out on the road a couple of months at a time.

"I went around the country and beat

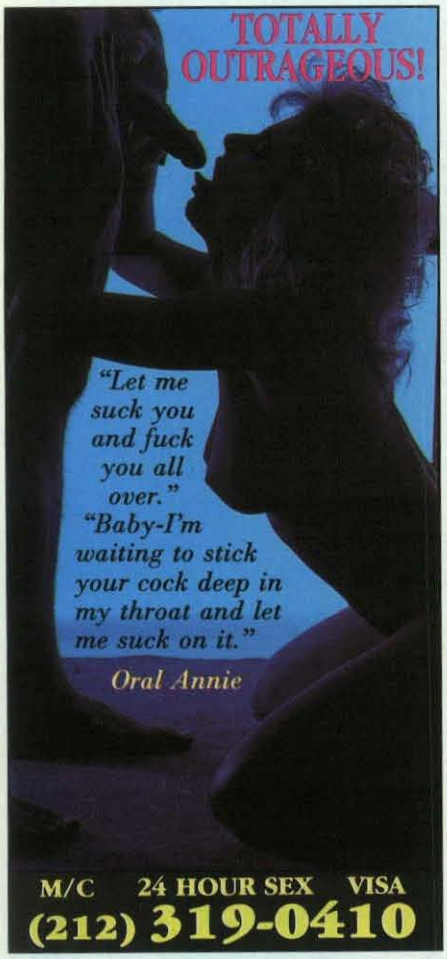
(continued on page 90)



". . . so the little fly found the big pile of shit and lived happily ever after!"





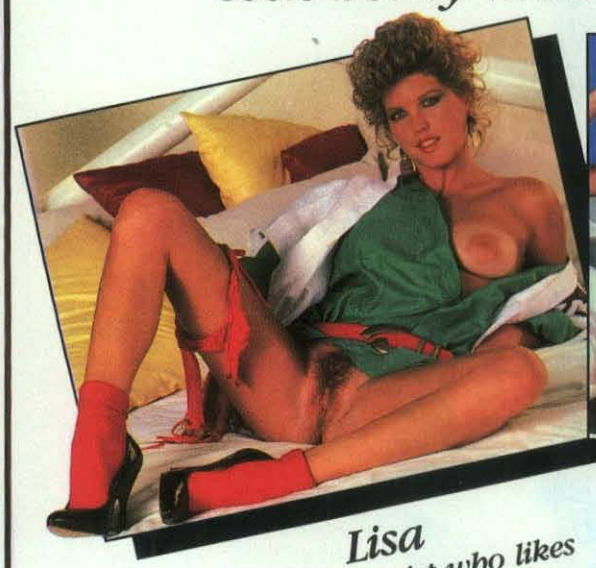


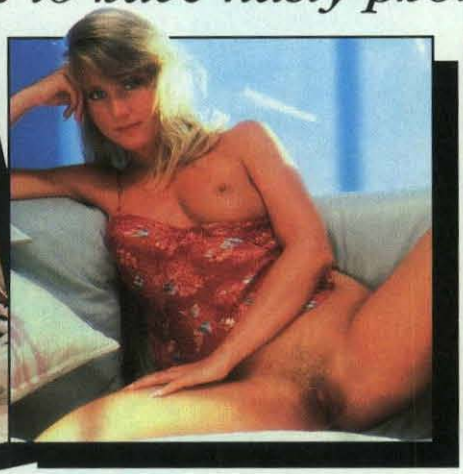


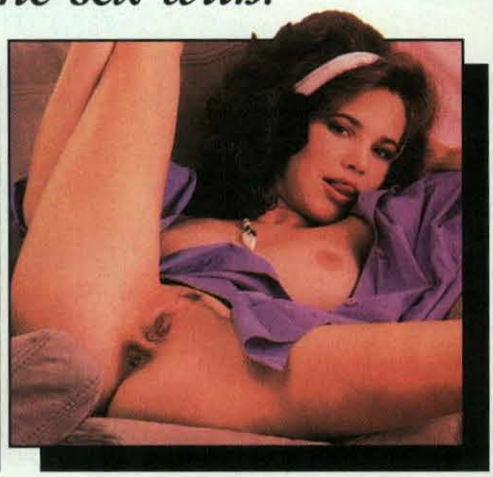


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BEAVER HUNT



You boys might want to line up in the beavertail cactus for Sandy, 25, who says she's looking to "spend a night alone with Mr. Right." A computer saleswoman from Yucaipa, California, tantalizing Sandy likes sailing and sunbathing.

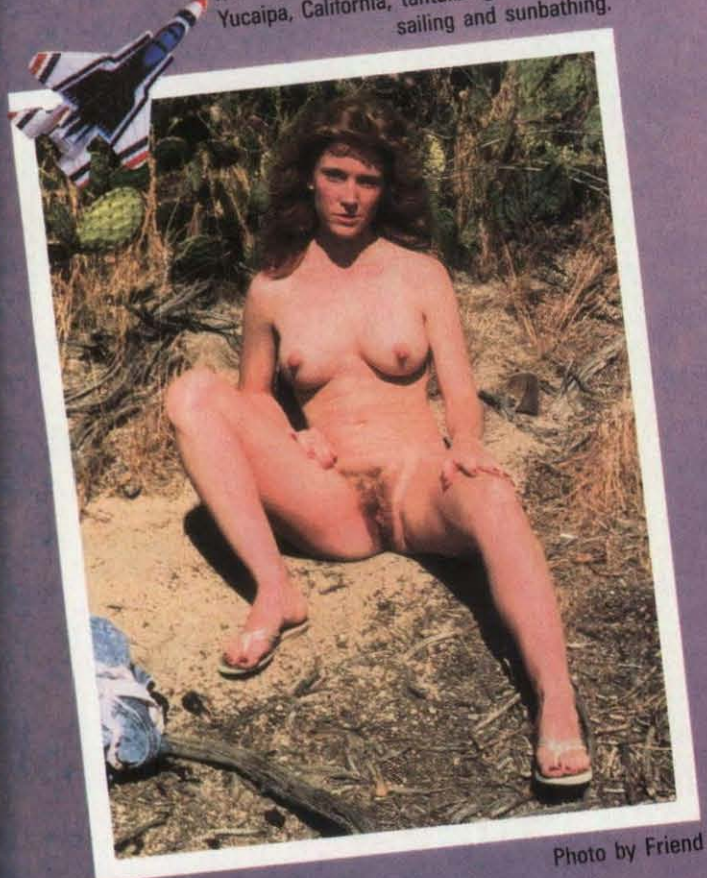


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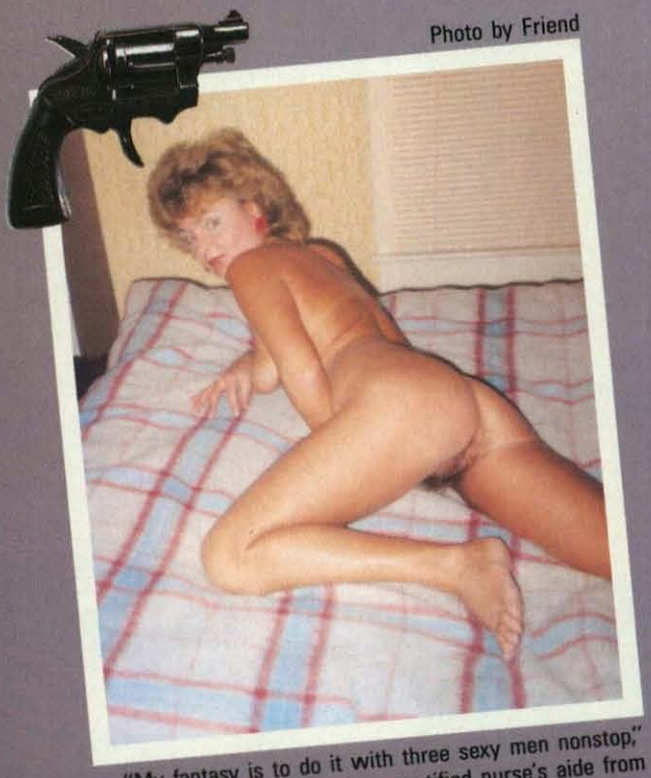
Photo by Boyfriend



A motorcycle-racing freelance photojournalist who likes to mud-wrestle and expose her body, Riverside, California's Blondie, 29, dreams of performing a striptease in front of a roomful of horny men.

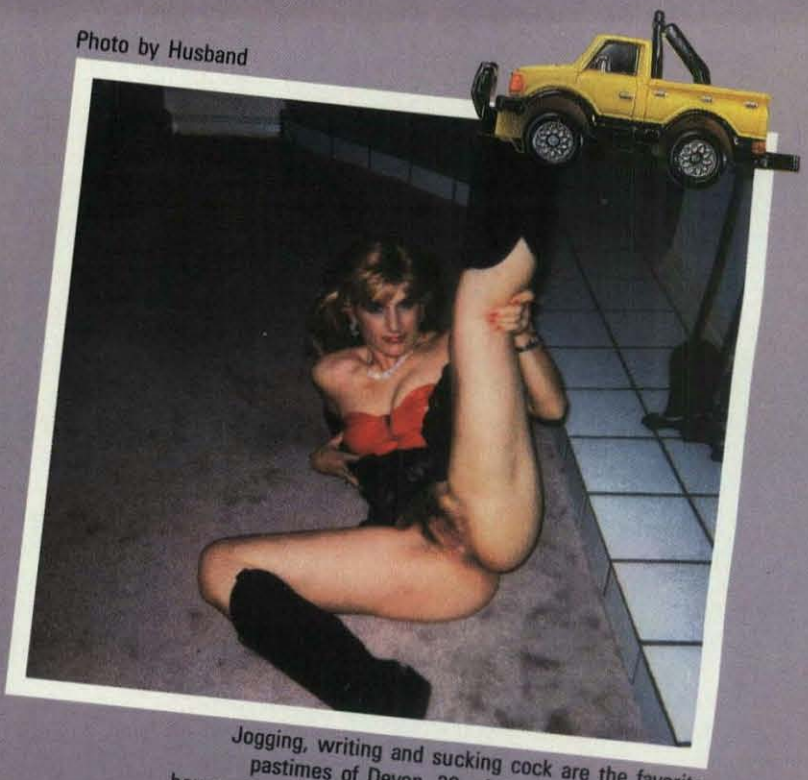
BEAVER HUNT

Photo by Friend



"My fantasy is to do it with three sexy men nonstop," says torrid Tami Marie, a certified nurse's aide from Laconia, New Hampshire. Writing, bike riding, sewing and aerobics are the hobbies listed by this foxy 28-year-old.

Photo by Husband



Jogging, writing and sucking cock are the favorite pastimes of Devon, 29, of Carrollton, Texas. This housewife dreams of being a topless dancer who drives men crazy onstage, and women crazy backstage.

Photo by Husband



Racy Renee, 31, is a housewife who has just fulfilled one of her fantasies by appearing in HUSTLER. Hailing from Russellville, Arkansas, this painted lady likes being tattooed, dressing up very sexily and making X-rated videos for her lucky husband, and would someday like to be in a porn flick.

Photo by Boyfriend



Top-heavy Heather, 21, is a Laurel, Maryland, cosmetologist interested in poster art and modeling. "To make love on the hood of a black Lamborghini while parked on a beach during sunrise" is this hot babe's fantasy.

Photo by Husband



Calumet, Michigan's Robyn, 21, is a homemaker and writer who yearns to perform with her husband in an X-rated film. This busy Beaver is also a dancing, reading and gymnastics enthusiast.

Photo by Husband



A housewife from San Bernardino, California, Kelly says she'd love to be tied up spread-eagle. This 22-year-old Beaver enjoys reading, writing and sex.

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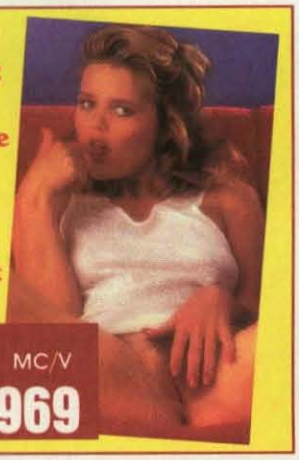
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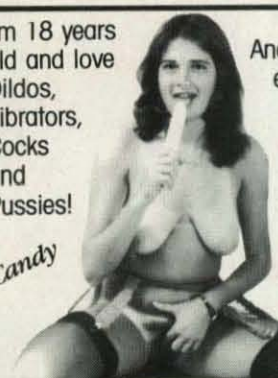
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"You have to be a little like a psychiatrist. You beat them, but you don't leave a bad taste in their mouth."

everybody," he states flatly. "Then I'd go around and spot people too, and beat them after I was done with them even.

"In pool, a player never really knows how good you are. I would just hustle you well enough to beat you. I beat a guy one time 40 games at five a game playing 9-ball. And what do you think he said to me when we were done? He said, 'You're a lucky motherfucker.' I said, 'I know. Call me a lucky motherfucker.'"

In 20 years of hustling experience Hopkins has never had a fight in a poolroom. An important aspect of the hustle is to avoid problems with everybody.

"You have to be a little bit like a psychiatrist," he confides, stroking his beard. "You beat them, but you don't leave a bad taste in their mouth. A lot of pool players will get loud and try to antagonize a guy to keep playing, not realizing that the guy's a sore loser. You're going to have a problem. You're in a strange town. People don't like somebody coming from out of town to take the money out of town. They figure, why should you take the money?"

At 19, Hopkins became the youngest player ever to win the World Straight Pool Tournament. This feat earned him $5,000, a trophy and two exhibitions. He also won the U.S. Open 9-Ball Championship the same year, but garnered little recognition.

"So I said to myself, *What's the purpose of playing pool?* The public doesn't realize who the best players are. They just realize the bigmouths, like Minnesota Fats, never a top player, just a bigmouth talking about how great he was. When I was 19, I took the game seriously. The following year I was in the finals again. I didn't have any desire to win it."

Hopkins stayed on the road, persistently winning paying tournaments and occasional match games, earning one year up to $50,000. He has the reputation of being the best money player in the game.

"Lock Allen in a room with somebody and some money," intimates a tournament official. "It doesn't matter what the game is. Allen will come out with the money."

"But it was no kind of life." His marriage broke up, in large part, under the strain of his constant, extended absences from home. Hopkins wisely invested his winnings in a New Jersey bar/poolroom. (Butera and West also operate billiard parlors, in Simi Valley, California, and Rockford, Illinois, respectively. Grady Matthews is planning to open a room in Columbia, South Carolina, and Dick Lane, a competitor from Houston, Texas, is a principal owner of Clicks, a chain of 15 poolrooms, mostly in Texas.)

Hopkins's time now is divided between the golf links and his business, with occasional lacunas for tournament play. "I almost quit playing competitively a couple of months ago. It's depressing because there's not the kind of money in it that should be in it."

• • •

Frank Zummo, proprietor of Frank's Billiards and the tournament's promoter, never looks quite panicked. He's cornered for a moment beneath a banner announcing the tournament. A Pepsi logo punctuates either end of the banner.

"Frank, what did Pepsi give you?"

"You're looking at it. A banner."

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"If I couldn't get somebody like Pepsi or Budweiser to sponsor a tournament," opines Lou Butera thoughtfully, "I'd boycott the product. Miller beer pulled out of pool after milking it for a couple of years. I wouldn't buy a Miller beer if I were dying of thirst in the middle of the Sahara desert."

Without sponsorship of tourneys, the players are essentially gambling among themselves, playing for entrance fees. The winner of this tournament stands to pocket less than ten grand. Professional golfers win $100,000 per week on the PGA tour. These numbers are not lost on the pool players, who are perhaps the most cerebral of all professional sportsmen.

"I've seen a bowling tournament sponsored by a hardware store with a $100,000 first prize," observes Allen Hopkins. "But I think pool has derived a bad name from gambling. You don't see Jack Nicklaus making a private match with another golfer."

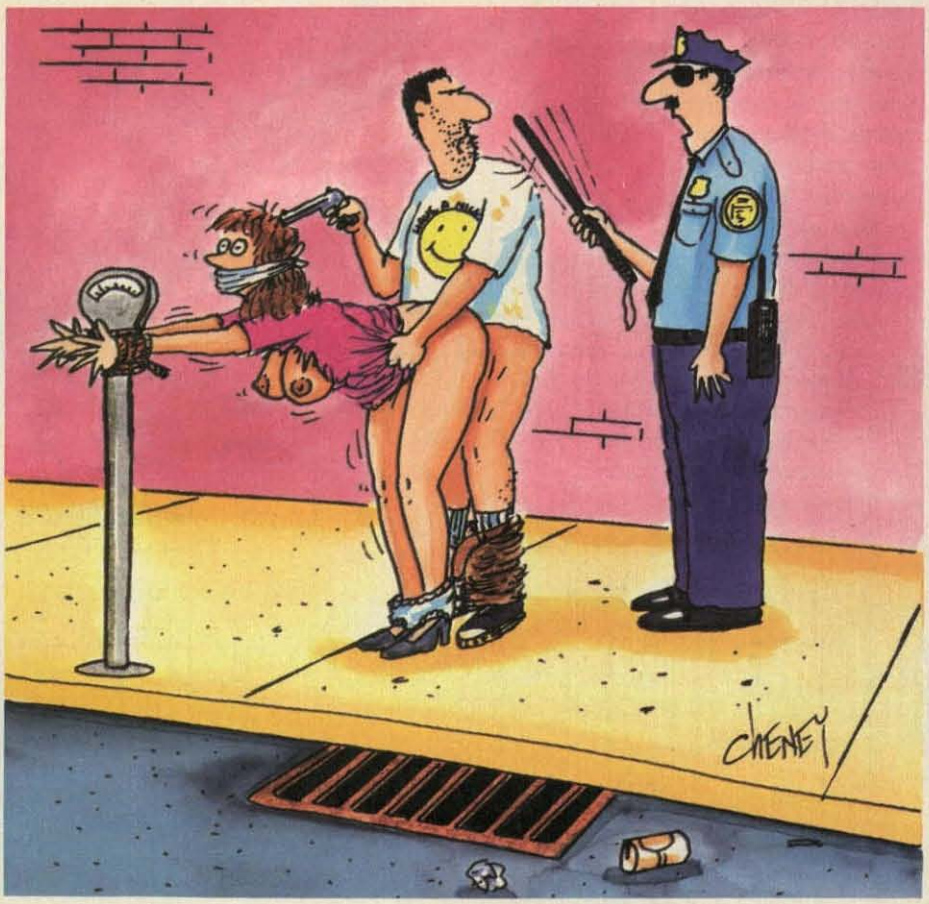
Other players are optimistic about pool's future financial status.

"It's getting a lot bigger," predicts Mike Sigel. "We've signed an agreement with Ted Turner to do a tour on his network, probably in the beginning of '89, starting out with 16 players. Mark McCormick, out of New York, is the biggest sports agent in the world. He thinks this will be the game of the '90s. Now that they've changed to 9-ball, it's a more exciting, fast-paced game.

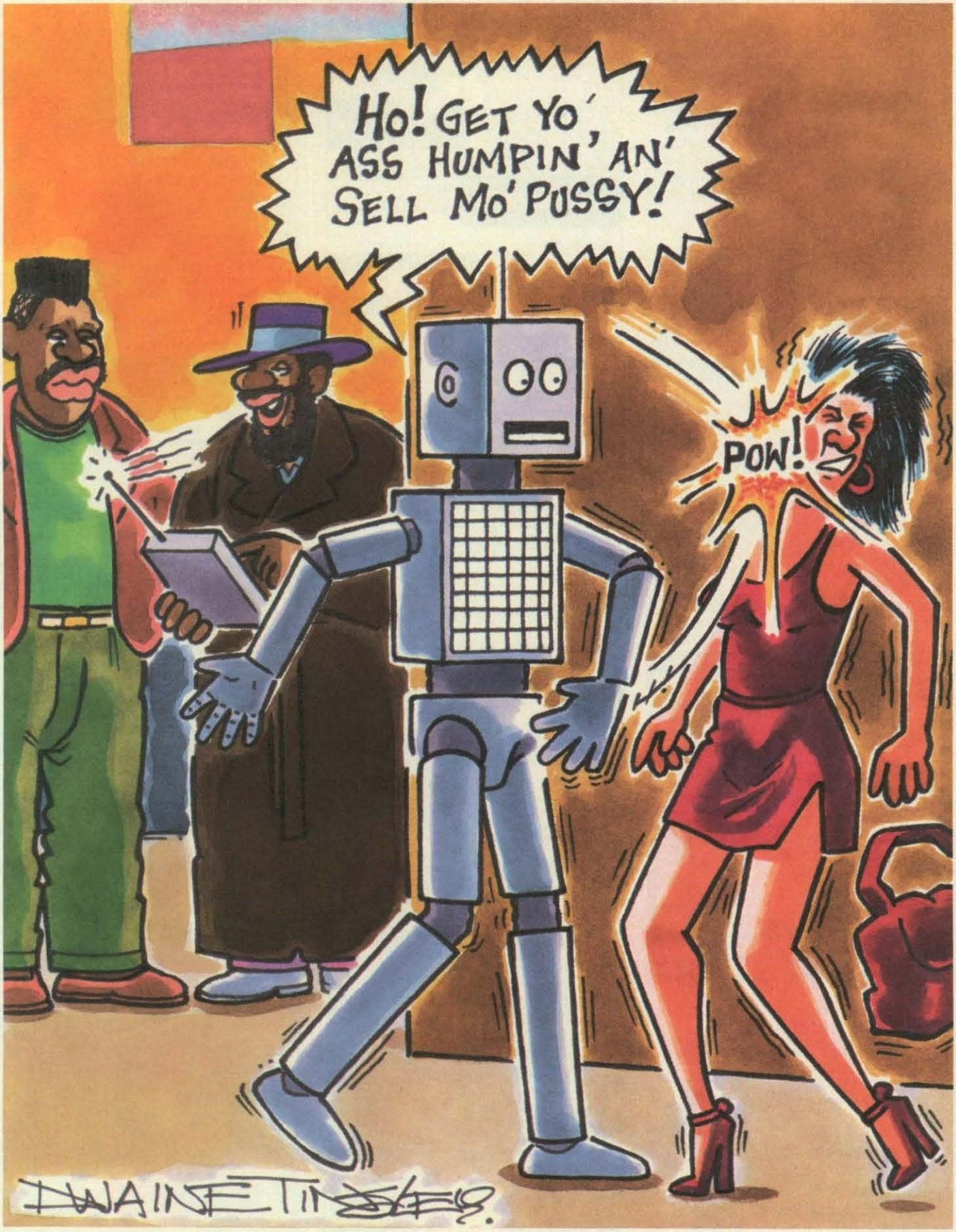
"Bowling's the most boring thing. Golf, you watch it on TV, all they do is show the ball in the air and the guy putting. The game is only on TV because people with money like to watch it. They have bowling on because so many people play it. The same thing with pool eventually, maybe in my lifetime."

Dick Lane has a 1972 bachelor of busi-

(continued on page 94)



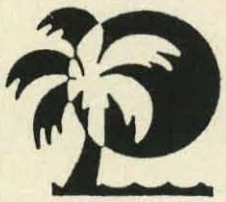
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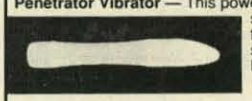
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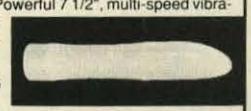


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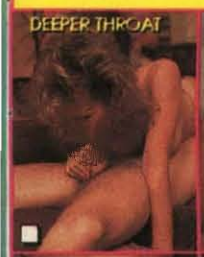
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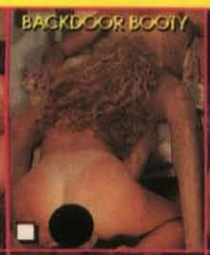
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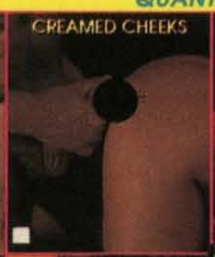
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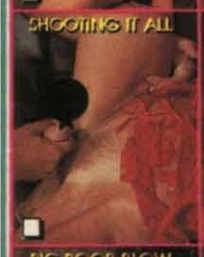




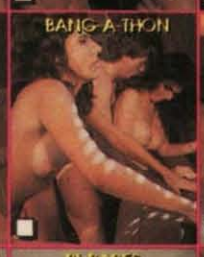














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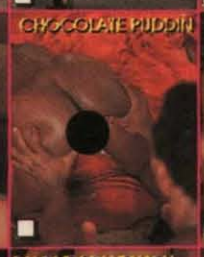
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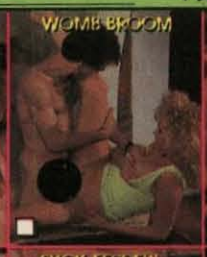


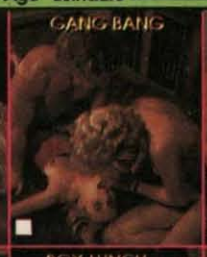


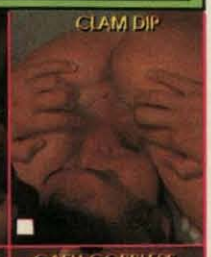




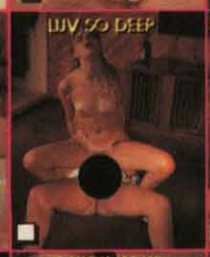


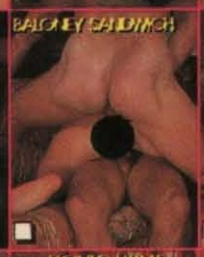


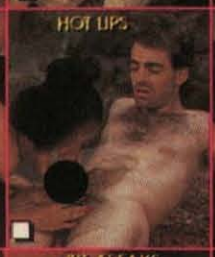


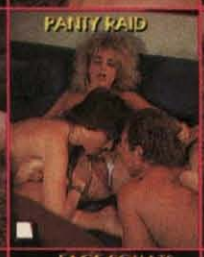






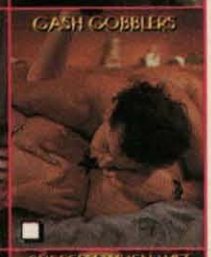


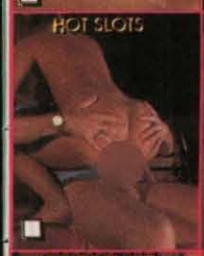








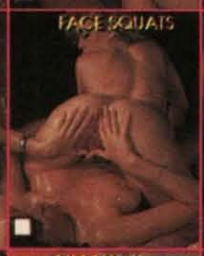




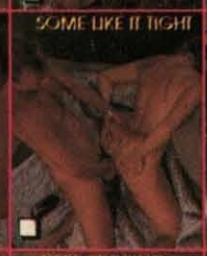














"Sometimes 17 or 18 years old they come up to me and say, 'Do you ever take girls on the road?'"

ness administration degree from the University of Oklahoma and a decade of experience in the billiard biz. "You need self-sufficiency in a tournament before you get television. Television isn't interested in negotiating with a weak entity. All you get is one-time programming, unless you have more sustaining you than TV.

"Sports mentality is evolving to higher and higher planes. In the past ten years the NFL has become an extremely sophisticated proposition. On television, we don't really comprehend it, but it's exciting. Pool can be brought to that same level through an education process. It'll take some time, but if it's properly choreographed, I believe it will work."

• • •

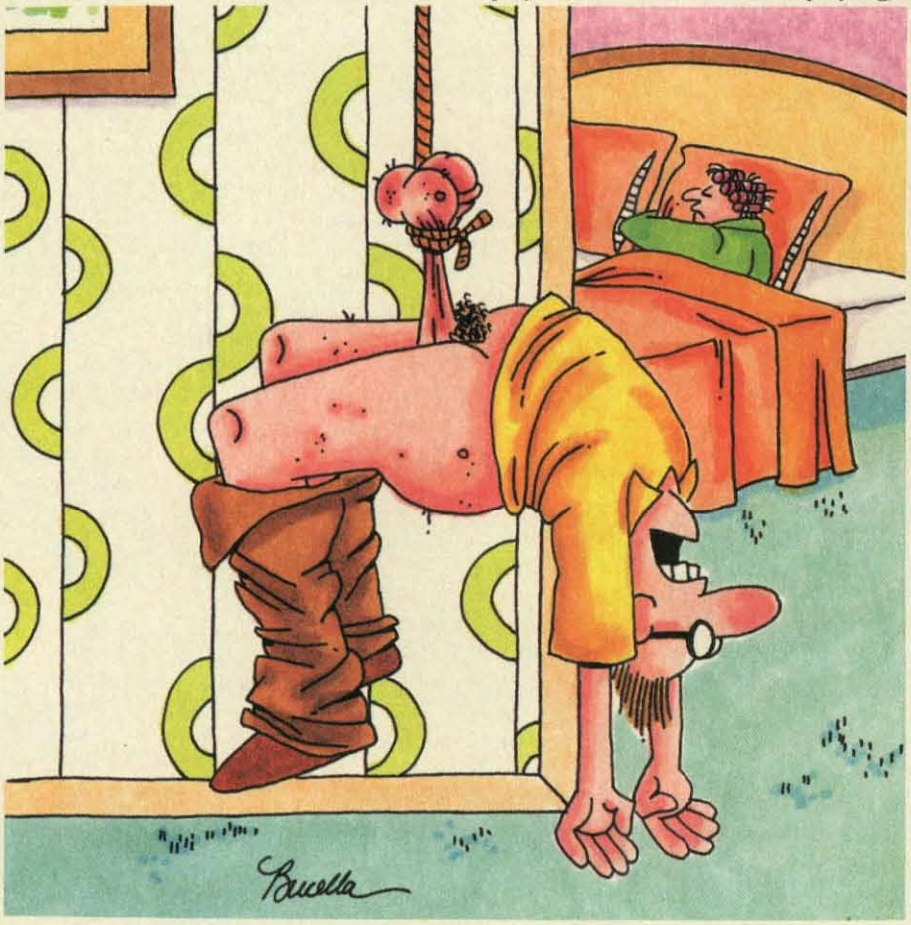
"Okay, gentlemen, we're ready to start another 9 o'clock match," announces emcee/promoter Frank Zummo over the ballroom PA a little after ten on Saturday night. The bleachers have filled out with informed, tough-assed enthusiasts. By this point in the tourney, the matches exclusively feature great players going up against great players. The crowd, unbidden, applauds each contestant as he is introduced.

The balls click and pop. The chalk squeaks. The referees drone on. Cigarettes burn incessantly. As usual, there is always some asshole with a cigar. A two-day diet of mediocre hot dogs, blah burgers, incredibly bad pizza and fucked-up nachos takes its toll on the concentration of at least one spectator. How do these players maintain their mental stamina?

The spectators have seen so many consecutive successful hits that, when a shot is missed, it's easy to be annoyed with the professional pool player for missing a shot that the spectator could have made easily.

The tournament is like a political convention; it goes on beyond human endurance. In this smoke-filled room, which could just as well be in Atlanta or New Orleans as in Cleveland, day is indistinguishable from night, blurring one into the other. Thank God it is suddenly Sunday evening. The whole thing is almost over.

The action has distilled down to one table. Defending champion Nick Varner is pitted against Hopkins in a high-tension display of skills. The winner will play Sigel for the championship. Varner's parents are camped in the front row of VIP seats, supporting their son. An innocuous-looking Kentuckian suggestive of Harpo Marx, Nick's most distinguishing characteristics are a huge wad of what is probably chewing gum working in one jaw and a fierce attention to the details of his game.



"I'm sure lucky, Maureen. . . most wives would divorce a husband who had an affair."

Varner's girlfriend, a caramel-colored and comely, short, stacked brunette drinking a Diet Coke, is also in attendance. I approach her to determine if her contact with a man of my magnetism might divert Nick's focalized mental powers.

"Are you Nick Varner's wife?"

"Girlfriend."

"What's that he's chewing?"

"Gum."

"Is this nerve-racking for you?"

"Yes."

"Where'd you meet Nick?"

"In a poolroom in California."

She is warming to me, but rather than interfere with Varner's performance, I decide not to pursue her as she turns abruptly and walks away.

• • •

Is pool an allure to women?

MIKE SIGEL: "Of course, like any sport. There's a mystique about pool. I've been married for five years, but years ago I went out with a lot of girls. They're like pool groupies, just like any other rock-star groupies or whatever."

Sigel met his wife while she was waitressing at a Baltimore restaurant that he frequented at the time. Her involvement with pool is minimal. "To this day, she can't make a ball."

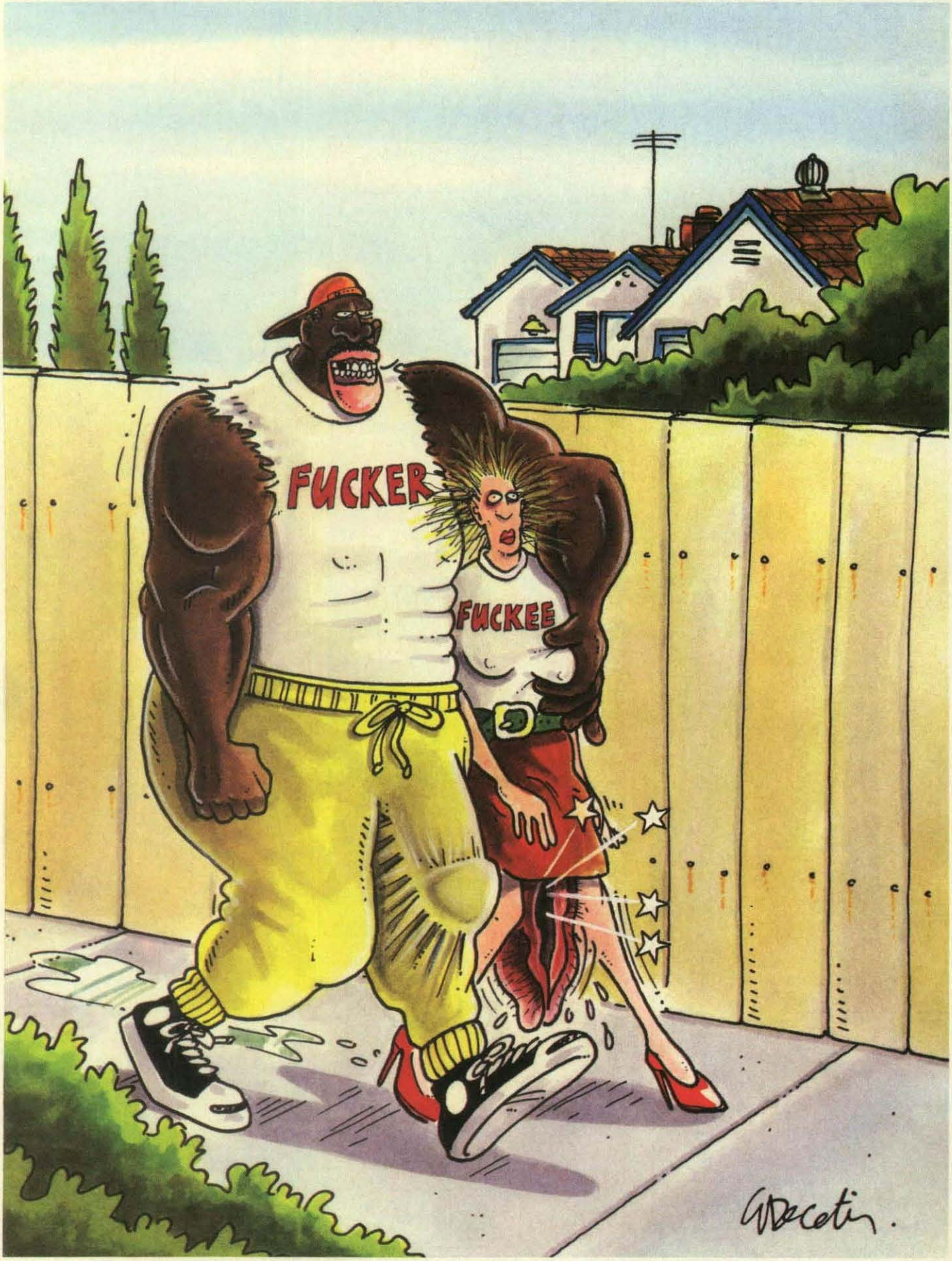
GRADY MATTHEWS: "I've consorted with women all my life. I'd be lost without them. From the time I was 14 years old until I was about 30, I've had burnings in my loins that you wouldn't believe. Women excite me.

"You look at me. I'm just an average-looking guy. For 20 years or so of my adult life, I'd grab them by the arm and take them with me. There's women that like rodeo guys, truck drivers, policemen, and certainly a lot of them like pool players. Sometimes 17 or 18 years old they come up to me and say, 'Do you ever take girls on the road?'

"I've got a family now, and I've lost interest in that kind of thing, you know, but I always tried to avail myself of all their talents."

Women were incorporated into Grady's hustle. After synchronizing watches with his moll, he'd step into a rural pool hall and proceed to lose grocery money in pickup games with local sharks. At an appointed time, his "wife" would storm in, swinging her purse and cursing him savagely. "Damn you. About to lose your paycheck at pool again! Where would we

(continued on page 98)


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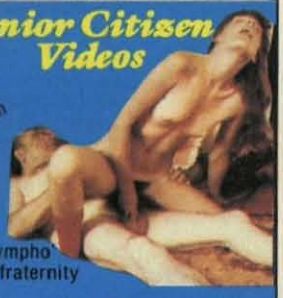
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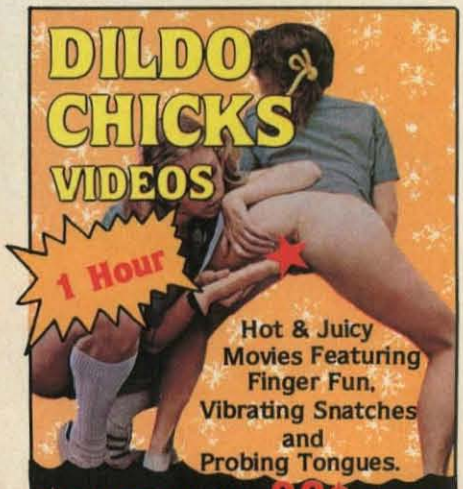
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"If pool was like golf, where every week they have a $150,000 tournament, I'd take it seriously."

be if I didn't catch up with you?"

Shamefaced and putatively battered, Grady would retreat under bombardment of the handbag.

"Damn, I nearly had that old fool's paycheck," the hometown favorite would lament.

A few days later, Grady would show up flashing hundred-dollar bills.

"Sure, let's play, but on one condition. If my wife shows up, we're not gambling."

ALLEN HOPKINS: "Women like pool players for some reason. It seems to be kind of easy to be with them. But I was married when I was 20. I was with my wife when I was 16; so I was never with another woman until I was 25 or 26, when I got separated. When I got separated, it was different. I went around, and I wanted to be with a girl. It seemed like she'd be with you because you were a good pool player, not because of yourself. You get tired of that too.

"To me, I didn't care about the women. I used to go around to make money."

• • •

Like so many pursuits of grown men, the purpose of pool all comes down to money. If no cash rode on the outcome, Mike Sigel and Allen Hopkins wouldn't be in a crumbling Cleveland ballroom late one Sunday night lagging for break. Several pool players, any one of whom could clean out any billiard room in America, hunch forward on painful, wooden bleachers. Varner sits next to Butera and his wife; Varner's girlfriend is a few seats away, expressionlessly monitoring her beaten boyfriend. It's pin-drop time; everyone in the ballroom can hear the pretzels being chewed by the guy on my right.

Hopkins wins the lag by a minute margin.

Sigel, who's been looking nervous enough to puke, claims he hasn't had to break in six years and is at a loss. Hopkins tugs his bow tie as Sigel picks nits off the felt. Sigel's break barely disturbs the balls and initiates a series of safes, each player attempting to draw the other into a mistake.

Sigel drops the first ball. Hopkins sits well away from the table, looking the other way as Sigel runs a rack. After about 30 points, Hopkins can't help but look over at Sigel's play. A man identified as Sigel's benefactor, who purportedly bets heavily on him, sits straight behind, a finger across his mouth. He has the eyes of a Roman who has heavy money down on the lions.

Sigel's run stops at 43, precipitating a reprise of safeties and faults, putting Hopkins at −1. With two scratches against him (three fouls result in a loss of 15 balls and a rebreak), Hopkins banks the cue off two rails into the pack, making an impossible shot and earning the biggest ovation of the tournament. Flushed with glory, Hopkins muffs a straight shot into a corner pocket.

Sigel runs up to 66.

"Sigel's in stroke now," commentates a salty old pool-hall dog to my left. "He's gonna go out."

"No, he's not," counters the pretzel-chewer to my right.

"I bet he goes out," persists the old dog to the left.

"Whatcha bet?" challenges pretzels. "Ten bucks?"

"That's not even worth my while."

"Wanna bet 50?"

"I don't wanna bet no $20."

"I said 50."

"Twenny bucks just ain't worth it to bet."

Sigel does not run out, just yet. Hopkins has a few more turns at the table, pushing his score up to 48 before Sigel goes out at 150. Sigel wins the first prize of $7,500; Hopkins takes away $5,000 for second.

• • •

Looking back, is there anything you'd do differently?

SIGEL: "Try and make more money. . . . I love to play pool. You get spoiled. I've never really held a job."

HOPKINS: "I could have gone to school, college or something. Being 36 years old, I wish I did do that. If pool was like golf, where every week they have a tournament on TV with a $150,000 first prize, I'd take it seriously."

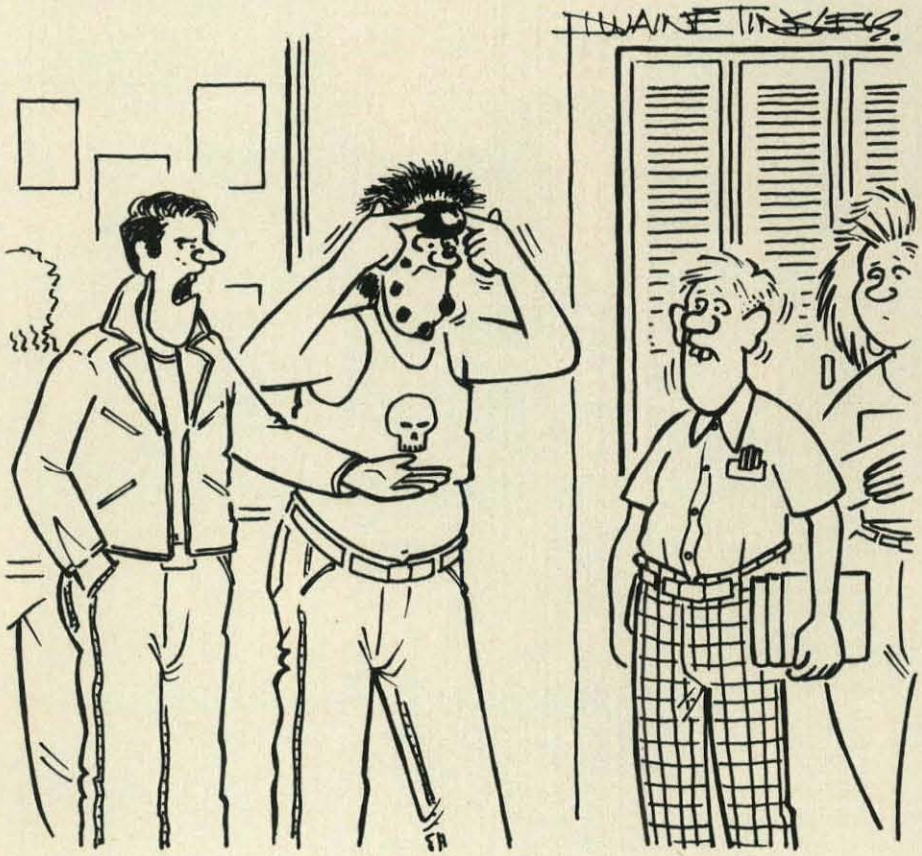
MATTHEWS: "I've had one of the best lives anybody could have ever had. I wouldn't change myself. Pool players survive drought, assassination attempts, recession."

As for Varner, finishing third with $3,500, his girlfriend, wise to the ebb and flow of moods, is back perched on his shoulder.

• • •

A gray-haired organizer circulates through the room, filling a large trash can and Hefty Bag. He scoops in half-eaten hot dogs, empties ashtrays, tosses in stale coffee, soggy nachos and greasy napkins and paper plates.

"I'm trying to upgrade the image of pool a little bit," he says.



"Gimme some money, dork, or Butch here will shoot!"



"Easy, fellow, don't get too close to her food!"

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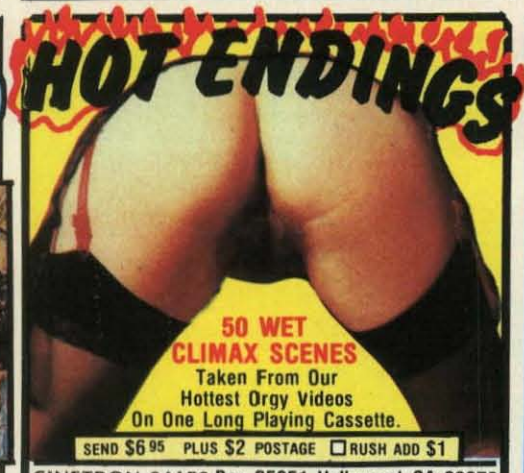
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I stuck my tongue out and ran it along the velvety smoothness of his dick, trailing down to his hairy balls.

hard piece of cock flesh disappear into her pussy and then emerge again. As he watched, he noticed the slight puckering movement of her tight asshole. He decided to put a couple of fingers into it and noticed how easily they were accepted. He also took notice of the soft moan deep in Wendy's throat. He spread those two fingers apart and inserted a third. This too was met with a moan, and she even started pushing herself back onto him. Next, Ralph picked up the oil bottle. Covering his hand in oil, once again he hooked his arm around her slender waist and with one movement drove four of his fingers into her ass. By the time his knuckles were in, he could feel her begin to come. He felt each spasm of her ecstasy clamp down on both his cock and his hand. After several minutes Ralph could stand no more and exploded inside Wendy. With one final stroke of his penis they both collapsed to the ground, completely exhausted and more satisfied than either of them had ever been before.

After that fateful day, Ralph's life has never been the same. Wendy decided to move into her farmhouse, and she hired Ralph to help her with the daily chores. I guess you could say they fucked happily ever after. —W. A.

Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina

THE INTERVIEW

I was out of work and desperate for a job when I noticed the ad in the paper that said, "Fluffer Wanted: No experience necessary." The salary mentioned was twice as much as anything I'd ever been paid, so I didn't hesitate to call for an interview even though I had no idea what a fluffer actually was.

Dressed in my best suit, I arrived at the office ten minutes early. I gave my name to the receptionist and sat down to wait.

Before I had time to think about it, the receptionist called my name and gestured for me to go through the door she had just opened.

I walked inside, and sitting behind this huge desk was the most gorgeous man I had ever seen—strong, handsome facial features and wavy black hair, which reflected the sunlight behind him. His warm gray eyes slowly took in my appearance. Starting at my feet, his eyes worked their way up, lingering for an extra moment on my full breasts, which were straining against the silk blouse I wore. When his eyes met mine, he gave me an approving smile and asked me to close the door and sit down.

As I sunk into the overstuffed chair in front of the desk, I noticed that he was peering over it to examine my legs. I recognize the fact that I am an attractive woman, but I was a bit confused at the blatant interest this man was taking in my appearance. I smiled at him shyly, then asked him about the position.

In answer to my question, he asked me how I felt about oral sex. Thinking I must have heard him wrong, I said, "Excuse me?"

"Blowjobs. How do you like giving blowjobs?" he said with a sexy, alluring smile.

I was so shocked by his bluntness that I almost got up and walked out. Then I remembered I only had $5 in my checking account, so I said, "Well, I guess they're all right."

He explained to me that fluffers are women who work behind the scenes, making sure that male porn stars keep a hard-on. I would have to continuously use my mouth to make sure these men wouldn't give a limp performance.

I was trying to comprehend all of this and decide if I could do it when he said, "Let's see if you're any good."

He stood up from behind the desk. I can tell you, I was sure as hell shocked when I saw that he was bare-ass naked from the waist down.

He came around the desk and stood in front of me so that his limp cock was at eye level. This man had the longest and widest tool I had ever seen in my life, and he wanted me to put it in my mouth! I was offended and pleased at the same time. Part of me thought that this couldn't be happening; the idea of performing sexual acts with a stranger was against everything I had been taught to believe. But at the same time here was this hot man with the yummiest-looking cock I had ever laid my eyes on.

My mouth watered, and I could feel my nipples getting erect. I shifted to get a more comfortable position in the chair, and reached out to take his shaft gently in my hands. Placing a tentative kiss on the knob, I looked up into his gray eyes. "That's nice," he said. "Go on."

I stuck my tongue out and ran it along the velvety smoothness of his dick, trailing my way down to his hairy balls. He let out a soft moan as I took one of his balls into my mouth like a tiny balloon.

(continued on page 106)

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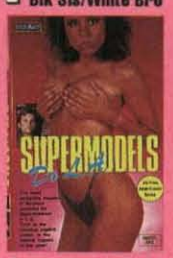
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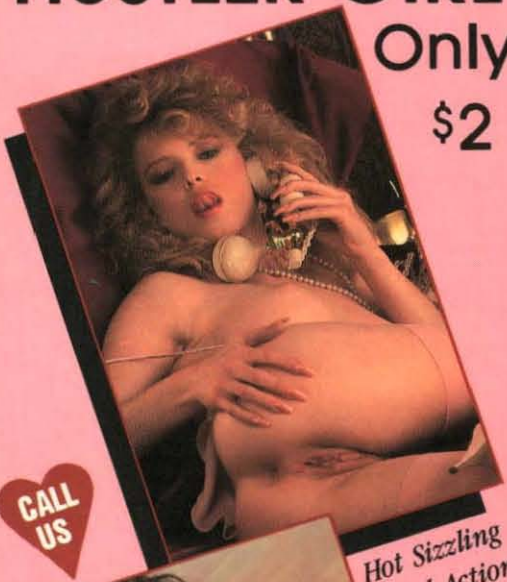
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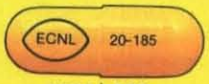
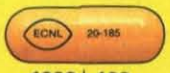
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A soft cry escaped me as he slipped his tongue between my lips and flicked it across my love button.

I worked my way back up the length of his shaft while reaching under to gently probe his puckered asshole.

I took as much of him as I could into my mouth and began sucking. By this time he was as hard as a rock, and since that was what I was trying to do, I stopped, even though I didn't want to, and looked up at him.

"Keep going," he said.

I was more than happy to continue and took his cock into my mouth again. I was so engrossed in what I was doing that I didn't notice at first when he placed his hands on my head and began running his fingers through my hair. But as he got more excited, he started moving his hips and pushing my head so I was forced to take more of him into my mouth than I thought possible. I could feel the head of his member hitting the back of my throat, and I thought I was going to gag, but he tasted so good, I didn't want him to stop.

My mouth was getting sore from being stretched so wide, and I was beginning to think that I couldn't take much more when suddenly I felt him spasming. His warm, hot cum tasted so very good when he erupted in my mouth.

Reluctantly, I let him extract his once-again-limp love toy from between my lips. I leaned back in the chair and closed my eyes, disappointedly thinking that it was over, when I felt his hands traveling up my legs.

With both hands he grabbed my firm ass cheeks and pulled me closer to his eager mouth. A soft cry escaped my warm lips as he pulled down my white-lace panties and slipped his tongue between my lips and across my love button.

His large hands worked their way up my torso and unbuttoned my blouse. His hands pushed and kneaded at my huge breasts, his fingers pinching and tweaking my erect nipples, sending me into higher realms of excitement than I had ever been in my entire life. His warm tongue probed my womanhood, and I whispered, "Fuck me."

I was like a rocket ready to soar into the night sky. I grabbed his head and pressed his face even closer, his hands now moving to my ass to pull at my firm cheeks as I wrapped my legs around his head.

I could feel an orgasm building, and I was just at the brink of coming when he suddenly pulled away. I moaned in utter disappointment as he pulled me off the chair and onto the floor. I could feel the soft carpet under my buns as he placed his hot cock at the entrance of my wet pussy and his mouth over mine. My whole body tensed in anticipation, and then he was inside me, pounding away.

I brought my legs up and wound them around his hips, rubbing my feet back and forth across his butt. My well-manicured nails scratched patterns across his back.

We were moving in perfect unison, my hips reaching up to meet his thrusts. Soon we were bucking and riding like two people gone mad. Moans and screams were muffled by kisses, and sweat poured off our bodies. Faster and faster, he pounded into me until I could feel him starting to pulse, and just in time I reached my own peak, so that we came together, groaning and yelling.

He rolled off me, and I lay on the floor, exhausted and satisfied. Looking over at him, I saw him smile at me as he said, "Again."

I looked at him with an amazed expression on my face. How could he want more so soon?

"You're a fluffer, remember?"

Once again I reached for his flaccid meat and took it between my lips. My tongue danced around its one eye as I worked to give him yet another huge boner. I could taste myself on his hot rod as it slid in and out of my mouth, and I was getting excited again as I remembered what it was like to have him inside me.

My hips started gyrating as I got hornier, and he shifted his body so that he could bury his face in my hot box. We sucked and licked each other until I felt his shooting jism down my throat. Even after he came, he kept eating me until I thought I was going to explode. Finally he ran his tongue over my clit one last time, and my entire body shuddered and spasmed in ecstasy.

I'm happy to say I got the job, and I'm content with my well-paid position of professional cocksucker. By the way, that gorgeous beefcake who interviewed me believes that practice makes perfect, and we practice every day.

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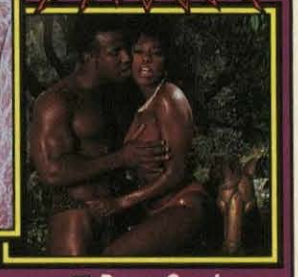
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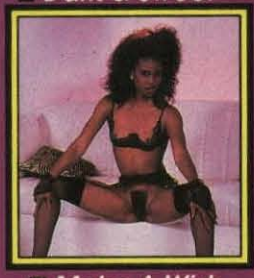
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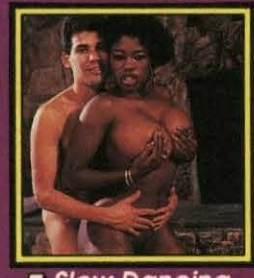
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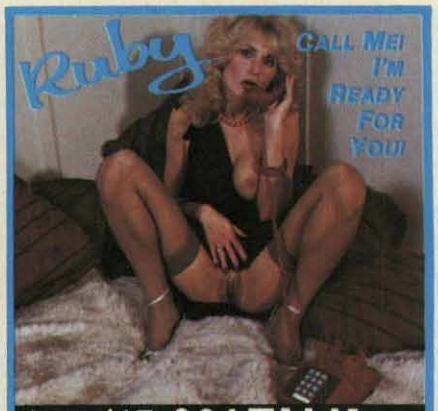


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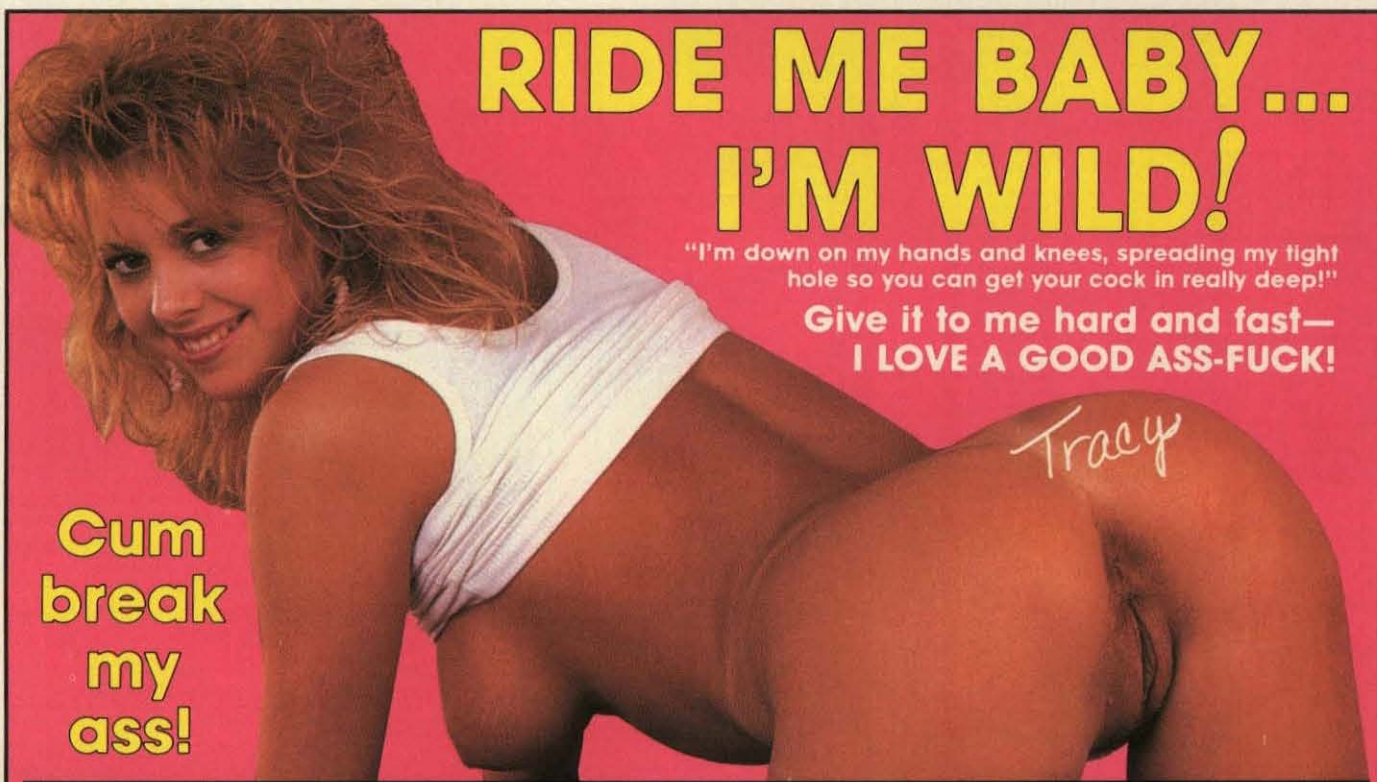


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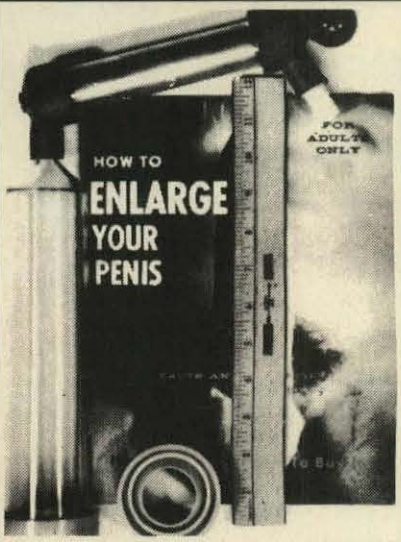
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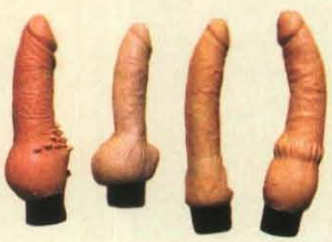


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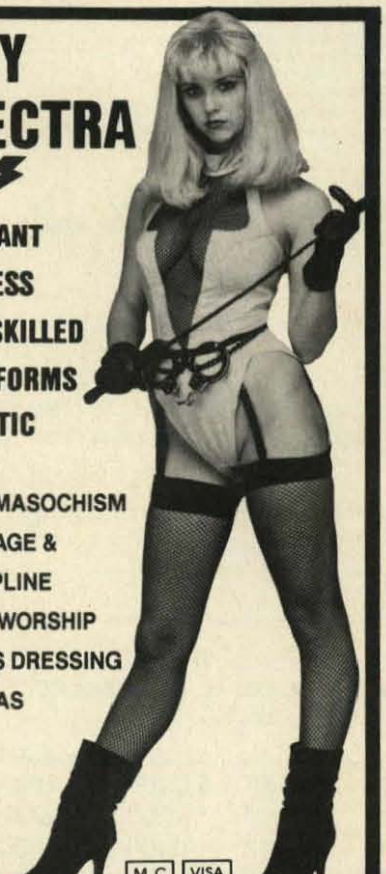
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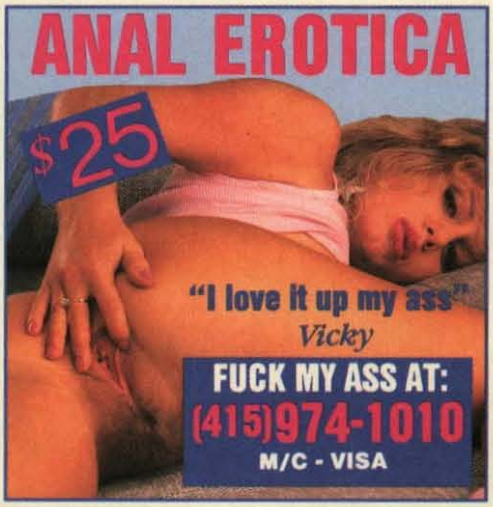
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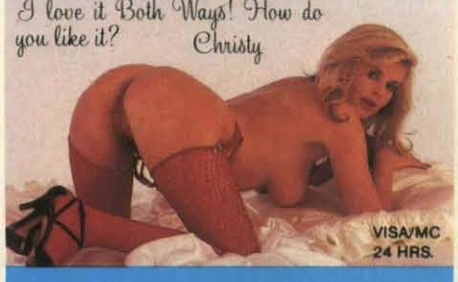
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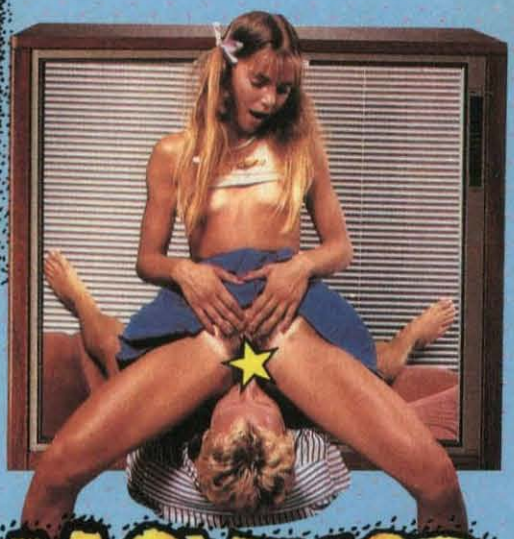
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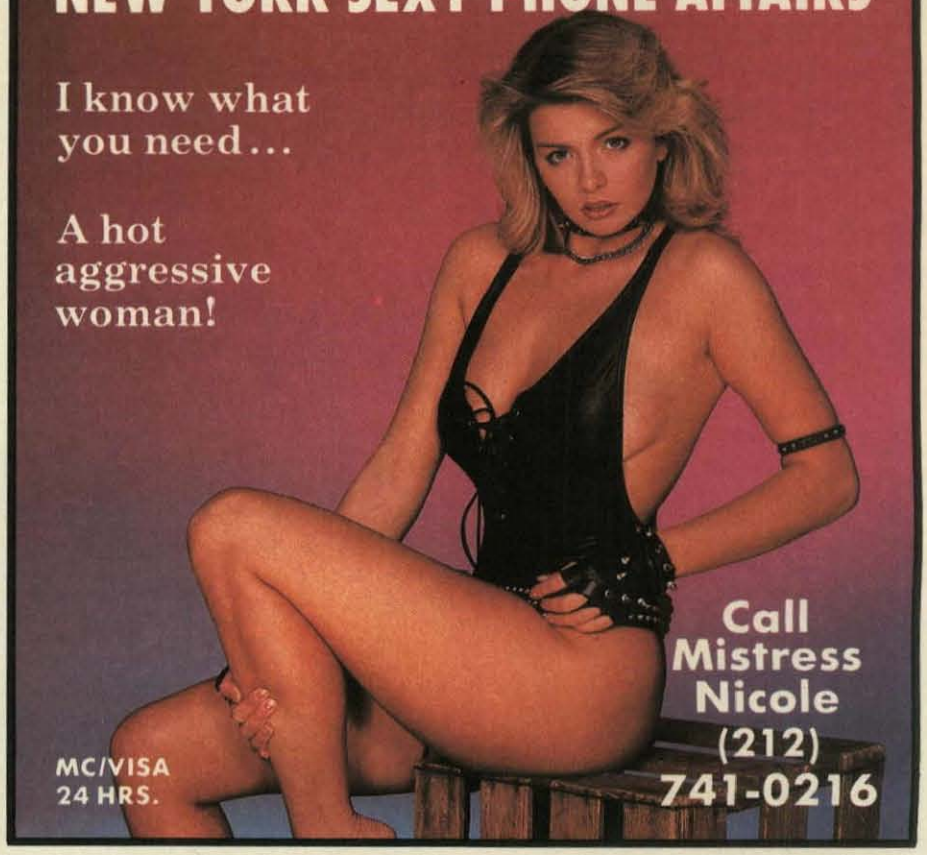
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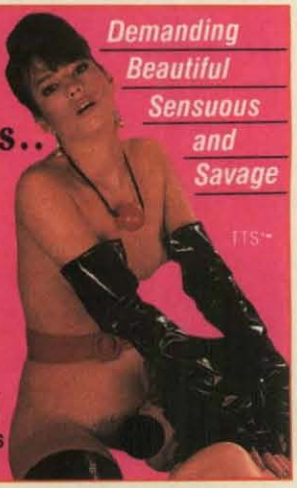
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VC-4 **PRINCESS SEKA.** Seka is truly the princess of erotic elegance as she teams up with the sultry Serena in this XXX-rated epic. Serena's boyfriend discovers that Seka's blue blood runs hot as he puts her through her passionate paces, setting the stage for this film's twist ending!

VC-5 **IN LOVE.** "This film is the state-of-the-erotic-art . . . far more important than 'Deep Throat' ever was . . . This is the easiest 100 points I've given to any film", Al Goldstein. Also got Hustler's highest rating plus best actress award for Kelly Nicoles. A very sexy movie!

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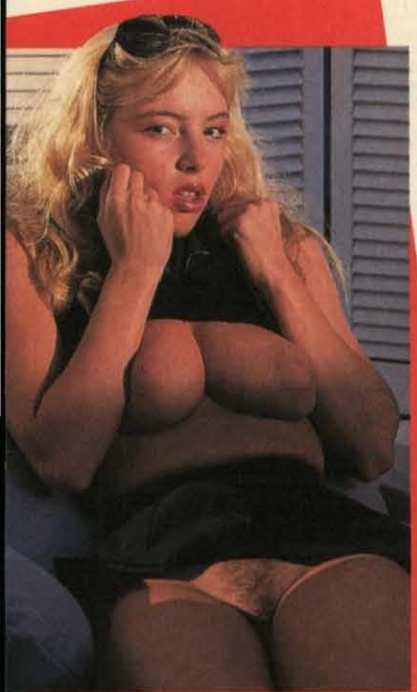
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STRATEGIC *DEATH* INITIATIVE

In what's shaping up as a monumental conspiracy, 22 Star Wars defense researchers have dropped dead, several mysteriously, though they've been conveniently declared suicides. In Larry Wichman's expose, "Who's Killing the Star Wars Scientists?," find out how the Pentagon's nightmare project is getting scarier, and who may be behind the methodical killings. Only HUSTLER dares to print this story that the media won't touch!

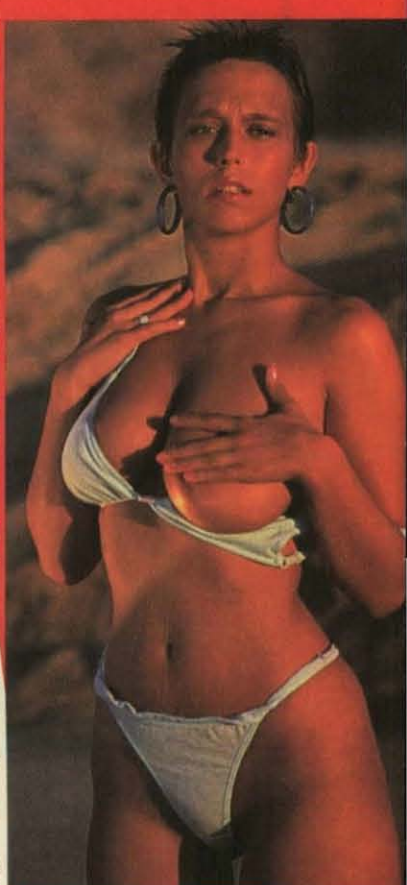


A FORTUNE FROM MISFORTUNE

In next month's *AIDSWatch*, Jerry Kindela tells how some people deal with the tragedy of AIDS: they make money off it. Meet the new AIDS-inspired entrepreneurs, and discover what ventures they're using to capitalize on this deadly disease, in "The Business of AIDS."

HIGH-TECH TWATS

Now that XXX-rated videos are a staple of American home life, the electronics industry is giving porn its due. In "Wired for Sex," Allan MacDonell takes a prurient pilgrimage to the Annual Consumer Electronics Show to chart the erotic industry's progress, and to see how others view the sex biz.



FUCKING AND FUN—HUSTLER STYLE

Even with one in the oven, can a guy stick his cock in his knocked-up babe? He can if he reads next month's *Sex Play*, "Pregnancy and Sex," as Mark Baker explains the do's and don'ts of dicking your pregnant mate. Then get the cum flowing with the torrid tales of *Hot Letters*, moisten your meat-stick and track down the mouth-watering wild muff of *Beaver Hunt*, guffaw to the no-holds-barred insanity of *Bits & Pieces* and be the first on your block to know who's fucking who in XXX-land by browsing the wise reviews and previews of *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment*. Miss the June HUSTLER and you've missed it all!

GET THINGS GOING WITH FASTONES

BEFORE!

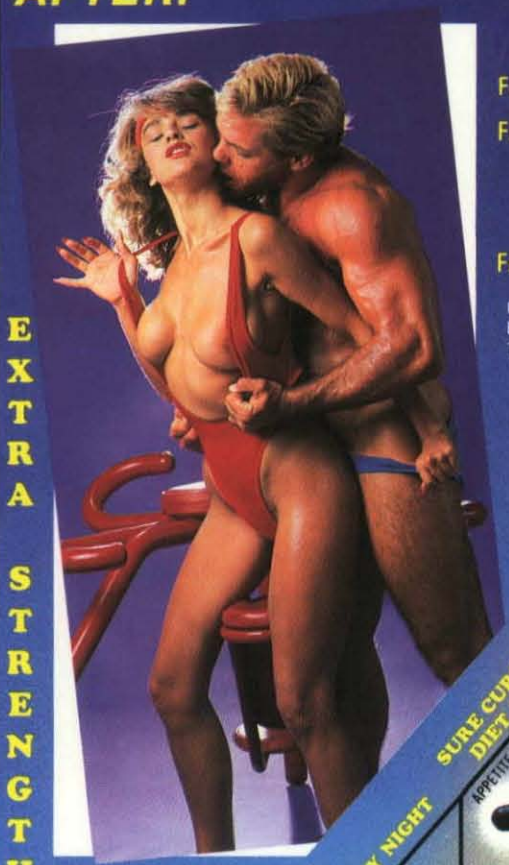


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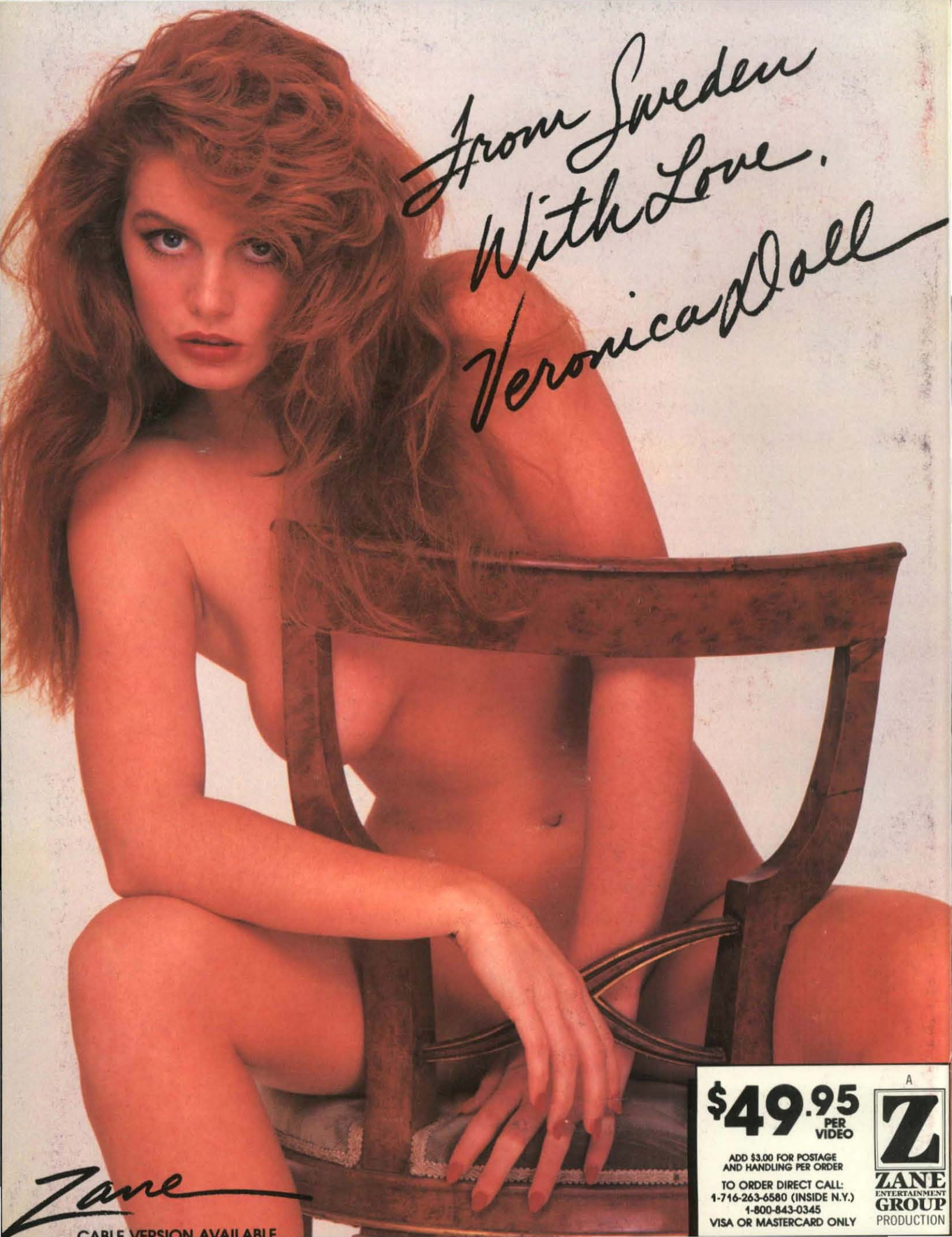
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